



A COMPLETE
COLLECTION
OF
OLD and NEW
English and Scotch
SONGS,

With their respective TUNES
prefixed.

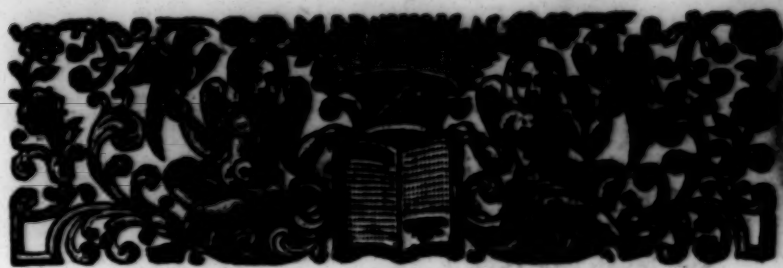
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L O N D O N :

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M DCCXXXVI.





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SONGS.

Song I. *Amongst the Willows, &c.*



Amongst the willows on the grass,
Where nymphs and shepherds lie,
Young Willy courted bonny Bess,
And Nell stood list'ning by.
Says Will, we will not tarry

Two months before we marry.

B. No, no, fie, no, never, never tell me so,

For a maid I'll live and die.

Says Nell, so shall not I,

Says Nell, &c.

A Complete Collection of

Long time betwixt hope and despair,
And kisses mix'd between,
He with a song did charm her ear,
Thinking she chang'd had been:
Says Will, I want a blessing,
Substantialler than kissing.

B. No, no, fie, no, never, never tell me so,
For I will never change my mind.
Says Nell, she'll prove more kind,
Says Nell, &c.

Smarting pain the virgin finds,
Although by nature taught,
When she first to man inclines:
Quoth Nell, I'll venture that.

B. Oh! who would lose a treasure,
For such a puny pleasure?
Not I, not I, no, a maid I'll live and die,
And to my vow be true.
Quoth Nell, the more fool you,
Quoth Nell, &c.

B. To my closet I'll repair,
And read in godly books,
Forget vain love and worldly care.
Quoth Nell, that likely looks!

B. You men are all perfidious,
But I will be religious;
Try all, fly all, and while I breathe defy all:
Your sex I now despise.
Says Nell, by Jove, she lyes,
Says Nell, &c.

Song II. *Clorinda does, &c.*

CLorinda does, at fifty-six,
To youthful charms lay claim,
Saunters and lisps, plays monkey tricks,
At ev'ry heart takes aim.

Aukwardly

Songs and Ballads.

7

Aukwardly gay, the coquet apes,
And rolls her dying eyes,
Assumes variety of shapes,
Yet makes, alas! no prize.

Twelve diff'rent airs one hour she'll shew,
Our stubborn hearts t'engage;
But all these arts will never do
To blind us to her age.

Fain she'd avoid the heavy curse
Laid on the ancient Belle,
But as she has no heavy purse,
She must lead apes in hell.

Song III. Apollo, pray tell me, &c.

Apollo, pray tell me,
That is, if you can, Sir,
The question I'm about to propose;
If you please you may banter,
If you cannot, cannot answer,
Why drinking strong liquors should cause a red nose?

'Tis the fumes of the wine,
Makes your boltsprit thus shine,
Which ascend to the top of the cranium,
Nature healthfully throws
On your prominent nose,
And proclaims you a jolly companion.

Song IV. O the Mill, Mill-o.

Beneath a green shade, I fand a fair maid,
Was sleeping sound and still o;
A'to wan wi' love, my fancy did rove,
Around her with good will o.

Her

A Complete Collection of

Her bosom I prest, but sunk in her rest,
 She stir'dna my joy to spill-o;
 While kindly she slept, close to her I crept,
 And kifs'd, and kifs'd her, my fill-o.

Oblig'd by command in Flanders to land,
 T'employ my courage and skill-o,
 Fra'er quietly I straw, hoist sails and awa,
 For wind blew fair on the bill-o.
 Twa years brought me hame, where loud fraising fame,
 Told me with a voice right shrill-o,
 My las, like a fool, had mounted the stool,
 Nor ken'd wha had done her the ill-o.

Mair fond of her charms, with my son in her arms,
 I serlying speer'd how she fell-o;
 Wi' the tear in her eye, quoth she, let me die,
 Sweet Sir, gin I can tell-o.
 Love gave the command, I took her by th' hand,
 And bade her a' fears expell-o,
 And nae mair look wan, for I was the man,
 Wha had done her the deed my fell-o.

My bonny sweet las, on the goweny grass,
 Beneath the shilling-hill-o,
 If I did offence, Ise make ye amends,
 Before I leave Peggy's mill-o.
 O the mill, mill-o, and the kill, kill-o,
 And the cogging of the wheel-o;
 The sack and the sieve, a' thae ye maun leave,
 And round with a sodger reel-o.

Song V. The Abbot of Canterbury.

A Cobler there was, and he liv'd in a stall,
 Which serv'd him for parlour, for kitchen, and hall,
 No coin in his pocket, nor care in his pate,
 No ambition had he, nor duns at his gate:
 Derry down, down, down, derry down.

Contented

Contented he work'd, and he thought himself happy,
If at night he could purchase a jug of brown nappy :
How he'd laugh then, and whistle, and sing too most sweet,
Saying, just to a hair I have made both ends meet :
Derry down, &c.

But love, the disturber of high and of low,
That shoots at the peasant as well as the beau ;
He shot the poor cobbler quite thorough the heart :
I wish he had hit some more ignoble part :
Derry down, &c.

It was from a cellar this archer did play,
Where a buxom young damsel continually lay ;
Her eyes shone so bright when she rose ev' ryday,
That she shot the poor cobbler quite over the way :
Derry down, &c.

He sung her love-songs, as he sat at his work,
But she was as hard as a Jew or a Turk :
Whenever he spake, she would flounce and would flee,
Which put the poor cobbler quite into despair :
Derry down, &c.

He took up his awl that he had in the world,
And to make away with himself was resolv'd ;
He pierc'd through his body instead of the sole,
So the cobbler he dy'd, and the bell it did toll :
Derry down, &c.

And now in good-will I advise, as a friend,
All cobblers take warning by this cobbler's end :
Keep your hearts out of love, for we find by what's past,
That love brings us all to an end at the last :
Derry down, &c.



Song V. A choir of bright beauties, &c.

A Choir of bright beauties in spring did appear,
 To choose a May-lady to govern the year;
 All the nymphs were in white, and the shepherds in green,
 The garland was given, and Phillis was queen.
 But Phillis refus'd it, and sighing did say,
 I'll not wear a garland while Pan is away.

While Pan and fair Syrinx are fled from the shore,
 The graces are banish'd, and love is no more:
 The soft god of pleasure, that warm'd our desires,
 Has broken his bow, and extinguish'd his fires;
 And vows that himself and his mother will mourn,
 Till Pan and fair Syrinx in triumph return.

Forbear your addresses, and court us no more,
 For we will perform what the deity swore:
 But if you dare think of deserving our charms,
 Away with your sheep-hooks, and take to your arms;
 Then laurels and myrtles your brows shall adorn,
 When Pan and fair Syrinx in triumph return.

Song VI. Custom, alas! &c.

Custom, alas! does partial prove,
 Nor gives us equal measure;
 A pain to maids it is to love,
 But 'tis to men a pleasure.
 They freely can their thoughts explain,
 But ours must burn within:
 We have got eyes and tongues in vain,
 And truth from us is sin.

Men to new joys and conquests fly,
 And yet no hazards run:
 Poor we are left, if we deny;
 And, if we yield, undone.

Then

Then equal laws let Custom find,
Nor thus the sex oppress;
More freedom give to womankind,
Or give to mankind less.

Song VII. *Be gone, old Care.*

BE gone, old Care, I prithee be gone from me;
Be gone, old Care, you and I shall never agree:
Long time have you been vexing me,
And fain you would me kill,
But esath, old Care,
Thou never shalt have thy will.

Too much care will make a young man look grey,
And too much care will turn an old man to clay:
Come, you shall dance, and I will sing,
So merrily we will play;
For I hold it one of the wisest things
To drive old Care away.

Song VIII. *Hunting Song in Apollo and Daphne.*

AWAY! away! we've crown'd the day, we've crown'd
the day!
Away! away! we've crown'd the day!
The hounds are waiting for their prey:
The huntsman's call invites you all,
The huntsman's call invites you all;
Come in, come in, boys, while you may;
Come in, come in, boys, while you may.

The jolly horn, the rosy morn, the rosy morn,
The jolly horn, the rosy morn,
With harmony of deep-mouth'd hounds:
These, these, my boys, are heavenly joys,
These, these, my boys, are heavenly joys,
A sportsman's pleasure knows no bounds,
A sportsman's pleasure knows no bounds.

The horn shall be the husband's fee, the husband's fee,
 The horn shall be the husband's fee,
 And let him not take it in scorn;
 The grave and sage in ev'ry age,
 The grave and sage in ev'ry age,
 Have not disdain'd to wear the horn,
 Have not disdain'd to wear the horn,

Song IX. *'Twas when the seas were roaring.*

COME from the groves, each goddess,
 Tune up your sweet hautboys,
 And to the voice of musick
 Make an harmonious noise:
 Sing her for whom I languish,
 The charming song approve;
 Sing on, till Jove grow jealous,
 And envy me my love.

Flora, thou charming goddess,
 In all thy bloom appear;
 Put on again fresh garlands,
 Begin once more the year.
 Join thyself to Pomona,
 With flow'rs adorn the ground;
 Let spring remain for ever,
 With youth and beauty crown'd,

Let little birds thro' meadows
 All tune their warbling throats,
 While bubbling waters echo
 The musick of their notes.
 Sing her for whom I languish,
 The charming song approve;
 Sing on, till Jove grow jealous,
 And envy me my love.

Song X. *As the Delian god, &c.*

AS the Delian god, to fam'd Helicon,
 From heav'n's high court descended down,
 There the tuneful Muses playing he found
 A sonata divinely rare:
 When Thalia touch'd the charming flute,
 Erato struck the warbling lute,
 And Clio's treble joining to't,
 Made the harmony beyond compare.
 Then Enterpe's full bass
 The sweet consort did raise,
 And with pleasure sense alarm'd;
 Ev'ry note was enjoy'd,
 Ev'ry hand was employ'd;
 With sounds of joy the flow'ry vallies rung;
 Apollo gaz'd, and silent was his tongue;
 But when his dear Calliope sung,
 Ah! then the god was charm'd.

Song XI. *Ab, sweet Kitty, &c.*

AH, sweet Kitty,
 Both fair and witty,
 Is't not a pity you are so coy?
 For you alone I live,
 For you alone I grieve,
 And never can survive,
 If you'd destroy;
 Since you have pow'r to save your faithful slave,
 Let him enjoy.
 In you I rest,
 Then on your breast,
 With joy o'er-press'd,
 Oh! crown your am'rous boy.

Song XII. *Thomas, I cannot.*

He. **C**OME, come, my Molly, come let us be jolly,
 Since we are here met together;
 Thy mother's from home, and we are alone,
 Come let us be merry together:
 I'll give you rings and bracelets fine,
 And other rich trinkets, if you'll be mine.

She. O no, kind Sir, I dare not incline;
 My mother she tells me, I munnot, I munnot,
 My mother she tells me, I munnot.

He. You shall have a gown of the finest filk
 That ever yet was seen,
 You shall have the cream of all the milk
 Of the cows that go o'er the green;
 You shall have curds and cheese-cakes store,
 And custards too all sugar'd o'er.

She. O no, kind Sir, pray ask no more,
 My mother she tells me, I munnot, &c.

He. You shall have a petticoat fine and gay,
 The best in all the town,
 And you shall wear it ev'ry day,
 And so you shall your gown;
 Your shift shall be of holland fine,
 If you in love with me will join.

She. O no, kind Sir, I dare not be thine.
 My mother she tells me, I munnot, &c.

He. I'll settle you in a copy-hold
 Of forty pounds a year;
 And I have twenty pounds in gold,
 Will serve to buy good cheer.

She. O no, kind Sir, I know you too well,
 Give you an inch, and you'll take an ell,
 And when you have done, you'll tell, you'll tell.
 My mother she tells me, I munnot, I munnot,
 My mother she tells me, I munnot.

Song

Song XIII. *Blow, blow, Boreas.*

BLow, blow, Boreas, blow, and let thy furly winds
 Make the billows foam and roar,
 'Thou canst no terror breed in valiant minds,
 But spite of thee we'll live and find a shore.

Then cheer, my mates, and be not aw'd,
 But keep the gun-room clear;
 Tho' hell's broke loose, and the devils roar abroad,
 Whilst we have sea-room here, boys, never fear.

Hey! how she tosses up, how far!
 The mounting top-mast touch'd a star;
 The meteors blaz'd, as thro' the clouds we came;
 And, salamander-like, we liv'd in flame.

But now, now we sink! now, now we go
 Down to the deepest shades below:
 Alas! alas! where are we now?
 Who, who can tell?
 Sure 'tis the lowest room of hell,
 Or where the sea-gods dwell:
 With them we'll live, with them we'll live and reign,
 With them we'll laugh, and sing, and drink amain:
 But see! we mount! see! see! we rise again!

Song XIV. *March in Scipio.*

BRave boys, prepare,
 Ah! cease, fond wife, to cry,
 For when the danger's near,
 We've time enough to fly.
 How can you be disgrac'd,
 When wealth secures your fame?
 The rich are always plac'd
 Above the sense of shame.
 Let honour spur the slave,
 To fight for fighting's sake;
 For ev'n the rich are brave,
 When money is at stake.

Song XV. *Come, neighbours, &c.*

COME, neighbours, now we've made our hay,
 The sun in haste
 Drives to the west,
 With sports conclude the day :
 Let ev'ry man choose out his lass,
 And then salute her on the grass;
 And when you find
 She's coming kind,
 Let not that moment pass.

Chor. We'll tofs off our bowls to true love and honour,
 To all kind loving girls, and the lord of the manor.

At night when round the hall we're sat,
 With good brown bowls,
 To cheer our souls,
 And raise a merry chat ;
 When blood grows warm, and love runs high,
 And jokes around the table fly ;
 Then we retreat,
 And that repeat
 Which all would gladly try.

Chor. We'll tofs off our bowls, &c.

Let lazy great ones of the town
 Drink night away,
 And sleep all day,
 Till gouty they are grown :
 Our nightly sports such vigour give
 That oftentimes we do revive,
 And kiss our dames
 With stronger flames
 Than any prince alive.

Chor. We'll tofs off our bowls to true love and honour,
 To all kind loving girls, and the lord of the manor.

Song

Song XVI. *As Celia near a Fountain lay.*

A Female friend advis'd a fwain,
(Whose heart she wish'd at ease)
Make love thy pleasure, not thy pain,
Nor let it deeply seize.

Beauty, where vanities abound,
No serious passion claims ;
Then till a phoenix can be found,
Do not admit the flames.

But griev'd, she finds that his replies
(Since prepossess'd when young)
Take all their hints from Silvia's Eyes,
None from Ardelia's tongue.

Thus, Cupid, of our aim we miss,
Who wou'd unbend thy bow ;
And each flight nymph a phoenix is,
When love will have it so.

Song XVII. *Birth of Harlequin.*

COME, my brave hearts, be merry,
cheery :
Let us this night with pleasure crown.
Come, my brave hearts, be merry,
cheery :
While Bacchus showers such treasure down.

Drink, drink away,
Be ever gay ;
Cares decline,
When brisk wine
Bears sway.

Come, my brave hearts, &c.

Song XVIII. *Crown your bowls.*

CRown your bowls,
 Loyal souls,
 Cæsar to his home returns;
 From the shore
 Cannons roar,
 England smiles, and Holland mourns.
 Malecontents in mischief failing,
 Changing notes, now leave off railing;
 Now the vipers hide their stings.
 Fill, fill then high,
 Proclaim your joy,
 And now in a chorus sing,
 Welcome, best of Kings.
 Noble boy, here's to thee,
 Look on my glass and me,
 Here's the way
 We this happy day
 Make as fam'd as the Jubilee.

Song XIX. *Ab Collin, &c.*

AH Collin! why should'st thou despair,
 When thou know'st that thy mistress is kind?
 Why should'st thou complain of the fair,
 And tell thy fond tale to the wind?
 To your sighs tho' the wind it did sigh,
 'Twas not in regard to your pain;
 But for fear thy lov'd nymph she should die,
 Of whom without cause you complain.
 'Tis your fault that occasions your grief,
 You alone to yourself are a foe;
 Your suspicions prevent your relief,
 Your jealousy causeth your woe.

Tho'

Tho' her beauties all others excell,
 She has kindness and constancy too;
 She can live upon love in a cell,
 And wear grey, so she wears it with you.

Thy hopes and thy pipe are not vain,
 Thou need'st not thy laurel resign,
 Thy fair one can't find out a swain,
 Whose musick is sweeter than thine:
 Think not o'er the wide world for to range,
 Nor such a mad project pursue;
 'Tis you who inconstantly change,
 'Tis she who is constantly true.

Then to thy first love quickly come,
 Tho' clad in thy humble array;
 Take her joyfully to thine own home,
 And frolick it all the long day:
 Despair then forgotten and gone,
 No more shall be talk'd of or seen,
 And on night's kind approach, the bright moon
 Shall pleasantly shine on the green.

Song XX. *My Goddess Celia, heav'nly fair.*

AS swift as time put round the glass,
 And husband well life's little space;
 Perhaps your sun, which shines so bright,
 May set in everlasting night.

Or if the sun again should rise,
 Death, e'er the morn, may close your eyes;
 Then drink before it be too late,
 And snatch the present hour from fate.

Come, fill a bumper, fill it round,
 Let mirth, and wit, and wine abound;
 In these alone true wisdom lies,
 For to be merry's to be wise.

Song XXI. *Peggy, I must love thee.*

AS from a rock, past all relief,
 The shipwreck'd Collin spying
 His native soil, o'ercome with grief,
 Half sunk in waves, and dying :
 With the next morning-sun he spies
 A ship, which gives unhop'd surprize ;
 New life springs up, he lifts his eyes
 With joy, and waits her motion.

So when by her whom long I lov'd,
 I scorn'd was and deserted,
 Love with despair my spirits mov'd,
 To be for ever parted.
 Thus droop'd I, till diviner grace
 I found in Peggy's mind and face ;
 Ingratitude appear'd then base,
 But virtue more engaging.

Then now, since happily I've hit,
 I'll have no more delaying ;
 Let beauty yield to manly wit,
 We lose ourselves in staying :
 I'll haste dull courtship to a close,
 Since marriage can my fears oppose :
 Why should we happy minutes lose,
 Since, Peggy, I must love thee ?

Men may be foolish, if they please,
 And deem't a lover's duty,
 To fight, and sacrifice their ease,
 Doating on a proud beauty.
 Such was my case for many a year,
 Still hope succeeding to my fear ;
 False Betty's charms now disappear,
 Since Peggy's far outshine them,

Song XXII. *As Ariana, young and fair, &c.*

AS Ariana young and fair,
 By night the starry choir did tell,
 She found in Cassiopeia's chair
 One beauteous light the rest excel:
 This happy star unseen before,
 Perhaps was kindled from her eyes,
 And made for mortals to adore
 A new-born glory in the skies.

Or if within the sphere it grew,
 Before she gaz'd, the lamp was dim;
 But from her eyes the sparkles flew,
 That gave new lustre to the gem.
 Bright omen! what dost thou portend,
 Thou threat'ning beauty of the sky?
 What great, what happy monarch's end?
 For sure by thee 'tis sweet to die.

Whether to thy foreboding fire
 We owe the Crescent in decay?
 Or must the mighty Gaul expire
 A victim to thy fatal ray?
 Such a presage will late be shown
 Before the world in ashes lies;
 But if less ruin will atone,
 Let Strephon's only fate suffice.

Song XXIII. *Come, come, boys, &c.*

COME, come, boys, come drink, drink, drink,
 For the night's quite spun,
 The eastern god, the eastern god begins to shine,
 O'er half the globe he has nimbly run,
 Before we have drank, before we have drank our flasks of wine.
 Let us not lose these fleeting hours,
 In politicks and state affairs,
 Since that we claim what's only ours,
 To drink, and drive away our cares.

Song XXIV. By the mole on your bubbies.

BY the toast of your health, when full bumpers go down,
 By the am'rous masquerade beaux of the town,
 By the powder'd pert fop, and the rustick dull clown,
 I prithee now hear me, dear Chloe.

By the pink of the mode, which the fair so adore,
 By the pride of the sex, when their smiles we implore,
 By the charms of your dress, and the force of its pow'r,
 I prithee, &c.

By the posy display'd on your ring, or your garter,
 By your delicate snuff-box enamell'd much smarter,
 By the *je-ne-say-quoy*, when your captives cry quarter,
 I prithee, &c.

By the simpering dimple your smiling discovers,
 By the ogling glance when you captivate lovers,
 By the coquetting belles who censure all others,
 I prithee, &c.

By that circle your hoop, which such charms does inclose,
 By your killing bright eyes, and your aquiline nose,
 By the death they commit when a spark you depose,
 I prithee, &c.

By your lips so ambrosial, and bosom so fair,
 By your parrot's fine prattle, which charms your fine ear,
 By the gen'rous Sylphs, who make you their care,
 I prithee, &c.

By your lilly-white hands, and fingers so pretty,
 By your exquisite genius, facetious and witty,
 By all the gay fancies describ'd in this ditty,
 I prithee now hear me, dear Chloe.

Song XXV. *Complying, denying.*

Complying, denying,
 Now free, and now coy ;
 Alluring, and curing
 Love's pain with its joy ;
 With frowns, or with smiles, that can kindle a fire,
 Is a girl that each temper and age must admire.

Her eye darts its glances,
 Our heart feels its ray ;
 Her power advances,
 And ours ebbs away.
 From charms so strong there's none can retreat,
 For, do what she will, she's ev'ry way sweet.

Song XXVI. *Did you not once, Lucinda, &c.*

He. **D**ID you not once, Lucinda, vow
 You would love none but me ?

She. Ay, but my mother tells me now,
 I must love wealth, not thee.

He. Cruel, thy love lies in thy pow'r,
 Tho' fate to me's unkind.

She. Consider but how small thy dow'r
 Is in respect of mine.

He. Is it because my sheep are poor,
 Or that my flocks are few ?

She. No, but I cannot love at all
 So mean a thing as you.

He. Ah me ! ah me ! mock you my grief ?
 She. I pity thy hard fate.

He. Pity for love's but poor relief,
 I'll rather choose your hate.

She

She. Content thy self, shepherd, a while,
 I'll love thee, by this kiss,
 Thou shalt have no more cause to mourn
 Than thou can'st take in this.

He. Bear record then, ye pow'rs above,
 And all those holy bands;
 For it appears. the truest love
 Springs not from wealth nor lands.

Song XXVII. *Brisk claret and sherry, &c.*

B Risk claret and sherry
 Will make us all merry;
 Then fill the glafs, fill the glafs readily round;
 Put it o'er the left thumb,
 Tho' the company's dumb,
 'Twill open their pipes with a musical sound,
 'Twill open their pipes with a musical sound.

Then fol, la, me, fa,
 With a note on ela,
 Then higher, then higher perhaps it may rise.
 Fill a bumper about,
 For without any doubt
 Jolly Bacchus, jolly Bacchus is prais'd to the skies,
 Is prais'd to the skies.

Song XXVIII. *'Twas when the seas were roaring.*

Beneath a cypress lying,
 Young Damon told his pain,
 While hollow rocks replying,
 Prolong'd the mournful strain;
 The falling rills combining,
 In murmurs sweetly flow,
 And winds in consort joining,
 Compos'd melodious woe.

O Cupid!

O Cupid ! dear deceiver,
 Thou cause of all my care !
 O tell me, must I leave her,
 For ever lose my fair ?
 Ah ! say, what habitation
 Conceals her from my eyes ?
 I'd range the whole creation,
 To find the lovely prize.

In all the works of nature,
 Her equal none can view ;
 No spices e'er were sweeter,
 No turtle-dove so true.
 The smile which morn discloses,
 Her eyes indulgent shed,
 The blush of opening roses
 Adorns her cheeks with red.

But thou, the guardian cruel,
 With whom was lodg'd my store,
 Hast far remov'd my jewel,
 To bless my sight no more :
 Yet when the fates convey me
 To Pluto's gloomy shade,
 When rage and anguish slay me,
 My ghost shall serve the maid ;

Shall, when she sleeps, befriend her,
 And all her slumbers guide,
 Shall, when she wakes, attend her,
 And hover near her side.

Thus all alone lamenting,
 The lover press'd the plain,
 While winds their murmurs venting,
 With tribute paid the swain.

When strait his ears alarming,
 A nymph was heard to say
 (No musick sweetly charming
 Such notes could e'er convey)

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Cease, cease, no more afflict thee,
 But give thy mind content,
 I'll to the fair direct thee;
 He bow'd, obey'd, and went.

Song XXIX. *Gallowsheils:*

AH! the shepherd's mournful fate,
 When doom'd to love, and doom'd to languish!
 To bear the scornful fair one's hate,
 Nor dare disclose his anguish!

Yet eager looks, and dying sighs,
 My secret soul discover;
 While rapture trembling through mine eyes,
 Reveals how much I love her.

The tender glance, the red'ning cheek,
 O'erspread with rising blushes,
 A thousand various ways they speak
 A thousand various wishes.

For oh! that form so heavenly fair,
 Those languid eyes so sweetly smiling,
 That artless blush, and modest air,
 So fatally beguiling;

Thy every look, and every grace,
 So charm whene'er I view thee:
 Till death o'ertake me in the chase,
 Still will my hopes pursue thee.

Then, when my tedious hours are past,
 Be this last blessing given,
 Low at thy feet to breathe my last,
 And die in sight of heaven.

Song XXX. *A very pretty fancy, &c.*

A Very pretty fancy, a brave gallante show;
 A very pretty fancy, a brave gallante show;
 E juste come from France, a very pretty fancy,
 E juste come from France, toute nouveau.

De first ting be de true picture of de great magnificent citty
 of Londre,

Dat fill every part of de world vid surprize, pleasure, and
 wonder;

Here de cunning French, de vise Italian, and Spaniard
 runne,

And vere can dey go else, morbleu, to get quarter of de
 money?

And for de diversions, dat make a de pleasure for dis great
 town,

Dey be so many, so fine, so pleasant, so cheap as never
 was known;

Here be de Hay-Market, vere de Italien opera do sweetly
 sound,

Dat cost a de brave gentry no more as two hundred tou-
 sand pound.

Here be de famous comediens of de world, de troupe Italien,
 Dat make a de poor English veep, because dey vil troupe
 home agen;

De toder place be mademoiselle Violante, shew a tousand
 trick,

She jump upen de rope ten storie, and never break her
 neck.

Here be de vise managers shew all de wisdom of deir brain,
 Dat make a de fine ting of Wagner and Abericock in
 Drury-Lane:

See how dey turn about, for deir own diversion in the flying-
 chair,

So prodigious entertainment vil never be dis tousand year.

Song XXXI. *Cupid, O at length, &c.*

Cupid, O at length reward me,
 Or thy cruel frowns give over,
 Or thy cruel frowns give over;
 Since I'm sworn a slave to beauty,
 Since I'm constant in my duty,
 Let the vanquish't nymph reward me,
 Let her crown her faithful lover,
 Let her, &c.

Song XXXII. *Waft me, some soft and cooling breeze.*

Belinda's blest with ev'ry grace;
 See, beauty triumphs in her face:
 Her charms such lively rays display,
 They kindle darkness into day.

When she appears, all sorrow flies,
 And gladness sparkles in our eyes;
 Around her wait the flutt'ring loves,
 When graceful in the dance she moves.

Song XXXIII. *Believe my sighs, &c.*

Believe my sighs, my tears, my dear,
 Believe the heart you've won:
 Believe my vows to you sincere,
 Or, Moggy. I'm undone.
 You say I'm fickle, and apt to change
 At ev'ry face that's new;
 But, of all the girls I ever saw,
 I never lov'd one but you.

My heart was but a lump of ice,
 Till warm'd by your bright eyes:
 But ah! it kindled in a trice
 A flame which never dies.

Come,

Come, take me, try me, and you'll find,
Tho' you say that I'm not true,
Of all the girls I ever saw,
I ne'er lov'd one but you.

Song XXXIV. *As naked almost, &c.*

AS naked almost, and more fair you appear,
Than Diana when spy'd by Actæon;
Yet that stag-hunter's fate, your votaries here,
We hope you're too gentle to lay on.

For he like a fool, took a peep, and no more,
So she gave him a large pair of horns, Sir:
What goddess, undrest, such neglect ever bore?
Or, what woman e'er pardon'd such scorn, Sir?

The man who with beauty feasts only his eyes,
With the fair always works his own ruin;
You shall find by our actions, our looks, and our sighs,
We're not barely contented with viewing.

Song XXXV. *Ah, sweet Adonis, &c.*

AH, sweet Adonis, fram'd for joy!
Ah blooming lovely boy!
Have pity on a goddess' pain,
Have pity, &c.
Since gods themselves have sigh'd for me,
Ah, let not Venus sigh for thee,
Dear charming youth, in vain,
Dear charming, &c.

Song XXXVI. *Awake, thou fairest, &c.*

He. **A**Wake, thou fairest thing in nature,
How can you sleep, when day does break?
How can you sleep, my charming creature,
When all the world you keep awake?

Come,

She,

She. What swain is this that sings so early
Under my window, by the dawn?

He. 'Tis one, my dear, that loves you dearly,
Therefore in pity ease my pain.

She. Softly, else you'll wake my mother,
No tales of love she lets me hear;
Go tell your passion to some other,
Or whisper softly in my ear.

He. How can you bid me love another,
Or rob you of your beauteous charms?
'Tis time you were wean'd from your mother,
You're fitter for your lover's arms.

Song XXXVII. *Thus Kitty, beautiful and young.*

Blyth was I each morn to see
My swain come o'er the hill;
He leap'd the brook, and flew to me,
He meet him with good-will.

I neither wanted yew nor lamb,
When his flocks near me lay,
He gather'd in my sheep at night,
And cheer'd me all the day.

He tun'd his pipe, and play'd so sweet,
The birds sat list'ning by,
And the dull cattle stood and gaz'd,
Charm'd with his melody.

He did oblige me ev'ry hour,
Cou'd I but grateful be?
He won my heart, cou'd I refuse
Whate'er he ask'd of me?
Hard fate, that I must banish'd be,
Go heavily and mourn,
'Cause I oblig'd the kindest swain
That ever yet was born.

Song XXXVIII. Banish sorrow, let's drink, &c.

Banish sorrow, let's drink and be merry, boys;
 Time flies swift, to-morrow brings care;
 If you believe it,
 Drink, and deceive it,
 Wine will relieve it,
 And drown despair.

Chor. The sweets of wine are found in possessing,
 Its juice divine, mankind's chiefest blessing:
 The glass is thine, drink, there's no excess in
 A bumper or two with a chearful friend.

'Tis wine gives strength, when nature's exhausted,
 Heals the sick man, frees the slave;
 Makes the stiff stumble,
 And the proud humble,
 Exalts the meek,
 And makes cowards brave.

Chor. The sweets of wine, &c.

'Tis wine that prompts the tim'rous lover,
 Be brisk with your mistress, denials despise;
 She'll cry, you'll undo her,
 But be a brisk woer,
 Attack her, pursue her,
 You'll gain the prize.

Chor. The sweets of wine, &c.

'Tis wine that banishes all worldly sorrow,
 Then who'd omit the pleasing task?
 Since wine's sweet society
 Eases anxiety,
 Damn dull sobriety,

Bring t'other flask.

Chor. The sweets of wine, &c.

Song XXXIX. *Cecilia, when with artful, &c.*

Cecilia, when with artful note
 You charm th' attentive ear,
 And warble from your tuneful throat
 What Seraphims might hear,
 My soul in raptures feels the song,
 And dwells upon the sound:
 So Syrens draw the list'ning throng.
 And please them while they wound.

Song XL. *Ask not the cause, why, &c.*

ASK not the cause, why sudden spring
 So long delays her flow'rs to bear?
 Why warbling birds forget to sing,
 And winter storms invert the year?
 Chloris is gone, and fate provides
 To make it spring where she resides.
 Chloris is gone, the cruel fair,
 She casts not back a pitying eye,
 But leaves her lover in despair,
 To sigh, to languish, and to die.
 Ah, how can those eyes endure
 To give the wounds they will not cure!
 Great god of love, why hast thou made
 A face that can all hearts command,
 That all regions can invade,
 And change the laws of ev'ry land?
 Where thou had'st plac'd such pow'r before,
 Thou should'st have made her mercy more.
 When Chloris to the temple comes,
 Adoring crowds before her fall;
 She can restore the dead from tombs,
 And ev'ry life but mine recall:
 I only am by love design'd
 To be the victim for mankind.

Song XLI. *Apollo I will not, &c.*

Apollo I will not implore,
 For he in fables dwells;
 And eke that man I do abhor,
 Who wrote the Persian tales.

Whoe'er, of February last,
 Of flying-post the news saw,
 Did read with terror much aghast
 The monster of Ragusa.

How Proteus left his wat'ry couch,
 The pagan poets tell;
 He had more shapes than Scaramouch,
 And in the deep did dwell.

Their Proteus and his flock so fair,
 Their Neptune and their Triton,
 If with this giant you compare,
 Are monsters you may sh— on.

His stature it is wondrous high,
 High as the tow'r of Babel;
 So that his head prept up the sky,
 Is most high-ly probable.

On a whale's back he sat full fast,
 A dolphin was his dog;
 With cable-rope ty'd to a mast,
 His whale he oft did flog.

Beneath his arms did muscles cling,
 And congers suck each pap:
 Behind his buttocks hung two ling,
 That always went flip-flap.

A Complete Collection of

Oysters about him stuck like warts,
 Eels twisted round his tail,
 Crabs clamber'd up his privy parts,
 Which he crack'd on his nail.

His very sneezing shook the shore,
 He cough'd the ground asunder ;
 His voice was like the cannon's roar,
 And he broke wind like thunder.

None did him see, that stood him near,
 Or knew the words he said ;
 For few could see, and few could hear,
 Since all the folks were dead.

O monster ! monster ! who could know
 The words that from thee came ?
 Rome and Jerusalem also
 Both heard and told the same.

Much he of Antichrist held forth,
 And much of the Pretender ;
 Much of a monarch in the North,
 That once did lodge at Bender.

He talked of the king of France,
 Of English Whig and Tory ;
 And how their Jars do much advance
 Great-Britain's pow'r and glory.

The Pope's the whore of Babylon,
 The Turk he is a Jew ;
 The Christian is an Infidel,
 That sitteth in a pew.

And yet the Pope shall Christian turn,
 In hopes of his salvation.
 Asgill likewise, and Toland burn
 At stake for revelation.

'Gainst paint and play-houses he spoke,
Hoop-petticoats and tea,
And vintners vile, that poison folk,
And snuff, and sodomy.

This said, he back to sea did slip,
But first eat fifty muttons,
And of his tail cock'd up the tip,
Long as the worm at B——n's.

O B——n! do not advertise,
Nor thy huge worm so brag on;
This giant voided, of vast size,
A mighty flying dragon.

And tho' his belly made great roar,
And rais'd the tempest louder,
'Tis said, he never knew John Moor,
Nor swallow'd his worm-powder,

Song XLII. Come, brave boys, let us troll, &c.

COME, brave boys, let us troll it away,
Since now we have gotten an holiday.
Then let's be smart, and have t'other quart,
That each may the better perform a part.
Hark thee, John, let it be done,
'Tis the best thing that we can think on.

Here's to thee, Jerry,
Prithee let's be merry,
Come at my call,
And be jovial all,

Here I'll stay and keep my ground,
Until that all your healths go round,
While we in mirth abound,
With a brim-full glass,
That smiles in your face,
Since this is a day we may rejoice.

A Complete Collection of

Here's a bumper to thy good health,
 And he that refuses may hang himself:
 Then drink away, make no delay,
 For we will be merry, boys, while we may.
 Come, dear Ciss, and give me a kiss;
 Now where's the harm of doing this?
 Prithee, lads, drink about,
 Let's see the bottle out,
 Carousing a health to great queen Ann;
 And he that does refuse his glass,
 Or slyly by would let it pass,
 Shall have it in his face;
 But we, brave boys, do make it our choice,
 For this is a day we will rejoice.

Come then, come then, come let's take hands then,
 We'll trip it and skip it about the hall;

Harry take Sue,
 Will take Prue,
 Robin take Kate,
 Before 'tis late,
 We'll sing and dance,
 Cut capers and prance,
 For this is a day we will rejoice.

Song XLIII. *In vain, dear Chloe, you suggest.*

CHLOE is handsome, brisk, and gay,
 And gets new lovers ev'ry day;
 For in her eye doth dwell
 A secret and a pow'ful charm,
 That would the coldest hermit warm,
 And draw him from his cell.

When first I saw her, I believ'd
 An angel's form my sight deceiv'd,
 So graceful was her mien;
 And surely angels cannot be
 More bright than is this lovely she,
 Who is of beauty queen.

How

How happy will the youth be then,
Who does with matchless truth obtain
Possession of her heart!
To meet with such a pow'ful cure,
The worst of torments I'd endure,
And laugh at all the smart.

Song XLIV. *Thro' the wood, laddie.*

AS early I walk'd on the first of sweet May,
Beneath a steep mountain,
Beside a clear fountain.

I heard a grave lute soft melody play,
Whilst the echo resounded the dolorous lay.

I listen'd and look'd, and spy'd a young swain,
With aspect distressed,
And spirits oppressed,
Seem clearing afresh, like the sky after rain,
And thus he discover'd how he strove with his pain.

Tho' Eliza be coy, why should I repine,
That a maid much above me
Vouchsafes not to love me?
In her high sphere of worth I never could shine;
Then why should I seek to debase her to mine?

No; henceforth esteem shall govern my desire,
And in due subjection
Retain warm affection,
To shew that self-love inflames not my fire,
And that no other swain can more humbly admire.

When passion shall cease to rage in my breast,
Then quiet returning,
Shall hush my sad mourning;
And, lord of myself, in absolute rest,
I'll hug the condition which heav'n shall think best.

rest.

How

Thus

Thus friendship unmix'd, and wholly refin'd,
 May still be respected,
 Tho' love is rejected:
 Eliza shall own, tho' to love not inclin'd,
 That she ne'er had a friend like her lover resign'd.
 May the fortunate youth, who hereafter shall woo
 With prosp'rous endeavour,
 And gain her dear favour,
 Know as well as I, what t'Eliza is due,
 Be much more deserving, but never less true.

Whilst I, disengag'd from all amorous cares,
 Sweet liberty tasting,
 On calmest peace feasting,
 Employing my reason to dry up my tears,
 In hopes of heaven's blisses I'll spend my few years.

Ye powers that preside o'er virtuous love,
 Come aid me with patience,
 To bear my vexations;
 With equal desires my flutt'ring heart move,
 With sentiments purest my notions improve.

If love in his fetters e'er catch me again,
 May courage protect me,
 And prudence direct me:
 Prepar'd for all fates, rememb'ring the swain,
 Who grew happily wise, after loving in vain.

Song XLV. Bush aboon Traquair.

A Thousand ways to wean my heart
 I've try'd, yet can't remove him,
 And tho' for life I've sworn to part,
 For life I find I love him.
 Still, should the dear false man return,
 And with new vows pursue me,
 His flatt'ring tongue wou'd kill my scorn,
 And still, I fear, undo me.

Song

Song XLVI. *Beauty and Love, &c.*

Beauty and Love once fell at odds,
 And thus revil'd each other:
 Quoth Love, I am one of the gods,
 And thou wait'st on my mother:
 Thou hadst no power on man at all,
 But what I gave to thee;
 Nor are you longer sweet or fair,
 Than men acknowledge me.

Away, fond boy, then Beauty cry'd,
 We know that thou art blind:
 And men of noble parts they can
 Our graces better find:
 'Twas I begot the mortal snow,
 And kindled mens desires,
 I made thy quiver and thy bow,
 And wings to fan thy fires.

Cupid in anger flung away,
 And thus to Vulcan pray'd,
 That he would tip his shafts with scorn,
 To punish this proud maid;
 So ever since Beauty has been
 But courted for an hour,
 To love a day is held a sin
 'Gainst Cupid and his power.

Song XLVII. *Apollo once finding, &c.*

Apollo once finding fair Daphne alone,
 Discover'd his flame in a passionate tone;
 He told her, and bound it with many a curse,
 He was ready to take her for better for worse:
 Then talk'd of the smart,
 And the hole in his heart
 So large, one might drive thro' the passage a cart.

But

But the filly coy maid, to the god's great amazement,
Sprung away from his arms, and leapt thro' the casement.

He following, cry'd out, my life, and my dear,
Return to your lover, and lay by your fear;
You think me, perhaps, some scoundrel, or whoreson;
Alas! I've no wicked design on your person.

I'm a god by my trade,

Young, plump, and well made;

Then let me caress thee, and be not afraid.

But still she kept running, and flew like the wind,
While the poor purfy god came panting behind.

I'm the chief of physicians, and none of the college
Must be mention'd with me for experience and knowledge;
Each herb, flow'r, and plant, by its name I can call,
And do more than the best seventh-son of them all.

With my powder and pills,

I cure all the ills

That sweep off such numbers each week in the bills.
But still she kept running, and flew like the wind,
While the poor purfy god came panting behind.

Besides, I'm a poet, child, into the bargain,
And top all the writers of fam'd Covent-Garden;
I'm the prop of the stage, and the pattern of wit;
I set my own sonnets, and sing to my kit:

I'm at Will's all the day,

And each night at the play,

And verses I make fast as hops, as they say.

When she heard him talk thus, she redoubled her speed,
And flew like a whore from a constable freed.

Now had our wise lover (but lovers are blind)
In the language of Lombard street, told her his mind;
Look, lady, what here is, 'tis plenty of money,
Odsbubs I must swinge thee, my joy, and my honey.

I sit next the chair,

And shall shortly be may'r,

Neither Clayton nor Duncomb with me can compare;
Tho' as wrinkled as Prim, as deform'd as the devil,
The god had succeeded, the nymph had been civil.

Song XLVIII. *Charles of Sweden.*

Come, jolly Bacchus, god of wine,
 Crown this night with pleasure :
 Let none at cares of life repine,
 To destroy our pleasure :
 Fill up the mighty sparkling bowl,
 That ev'ry true and loyal soul
 May drink and sing without controul,
 To support our pleasure.

Thus, mighty Bacchus, shalt thou be
 Guardian to our pleasure ;
 That under thy protection we
 May enjoy new pleasure :
 And, as the hours glide swift away,
 We'll in thy name invoke their stay,
 And sing thy praises, that we may
 Live and die with pleasure.

Song XLIX. *For haughty Phillis Thyrsis pines.*

Artist, who underneath the table,
 Thy curious feature hast display'd,
 Who, if we may believe the fable,
 Wast once a blooming lovely maid :

Insidious, restless, watchful spider,
 Fear no officious damsel's broom,
 Extend thy artful building wider,
 And spread thy banners round my round.

While I thy wond'rous fabrick stare at,
 And think on hapless poet's fate,
 Like thee confin'd to lonely garret,
 And proudly banish'd rooms of state.

And as from out thy tortur'd body,
 Thou draw'st thy slender wit with pain,
 So does he labour like a noddy,
 To spout materials from his brain.

He for some gandy flutt'ring creature,
 That spreads her charms before his eye,
 And that's a conquest little better
 Than thine o'er captive butterfly.

Thus far, 'tis plain, you both agree,
 Your death, perhaps, may better show it:
 'Tis ten to one but penury
 Ends both the spider and the poet.

Song L. After the pangs, &c.

After the pangs of a desperate lover,
 When day and night I have sigh'd all in vain,
 Ah! what a pleasure it is to discover,
 In her eyes pity, who causes my pain!
 Ah! what a pleasure it is to discover,
 In her eyes pity, who causes my pain!
 When with unkindness our love at a stand is!
 And both have punish'd ourselves with the pain,
 Ah! what a pleasure the touch of her hand is!
 Ah! what a pleasure to press it again!
 Ah! what a pleasure, &c.

When the denial comes fainter and fainter,
 And her eyes give what her tongue does deny,
 Ah! what a trembling I feel, when I venture!
 Ah! what a trembling does usher my joy!
 Ah, what a pleasure, &c.
 When with a sigh she accords me the blessing,
 And her eyes twinkle 'twixt pleasure and pain;
 Ah! what a joy 'tis, beyond all expressing,
 Ah! what a joy to hear—shall we again?
 Ah! what a joy, &c.

Song LI. *Al, tell me no more of your, &c.*

A H! tell me no more of your duty or vow,
 That change of condition no love can allow,
 I still must imposture
 For what my curst fortune
 Lost I know not how.
 And since such ill chances have often been common,
 That wealth or a woman we're fated to lose,
 'Tis fit we our selves should mend that abuse,
 And make with our fetters
 The best of bad matters
 In wedlock's trappan,
 By taking occasion
 To ease our wrong'd passion
 As well as we can.

Song LII. *O Bessy Bell.*

B Right Cynthia's Power, divinely great,
 What heart is not obeying?
 A thousand Cupids on her wait,
 And in her eyes are playing.
 She seems the queen of love to reign,
 For she alone dispenses
 Such sweets, as best can entertain
 The goust of all my senses.
 Her face a charming prospect brings,
 Her breath gives balmy blisses;
 I hear an angel when she sings,
 And taste of heaven in kisses.
 Four senses thus she feasts with joy,
 From nature's richest treasure;
 Let me the other sense employ,
 And I shall die with pleasure.

Song LIII, *Cupid, with Ganymede, &c.*

CUPID, with Ganymede to play,
 Had laid his wings aside;
 And lest they should be stolen away,
 Sat on his darts astride.

For oft the god had, to his cost
 (As Prior sweetly sings)
 His quiver, bow, and arrow lost,
 But never lost his wings.

Miss Kitty, love's great favourite,
 Was there a stander-by,
 And hit upon a new conceit,
 Which she resolv'd to try.

She oft had heard her lovers sigh,
 And praise her angel-face,
 And raise her beauties to the sky,
 Where they deserv'd a place.

She wou'd not trust the flatt'ring youth,
 And gave a careless ear;
 Yet fain at H——n wou'd know the truth,
 But how shou'd she get there?

The urchin's wings wou'd fit her shape,
 And put it to a trial;
 Yet durst not ask the waggish ape,
 She fear'd a pert denial.

Young Cupid, without thought or care,
 Of no design afraid,
 Did not suspect the wily fair,
 The seeming harmless maid.

Whilst joke and witty repartee
 'Twixt him and Gany past,

She

She stole his wings, and merrily
 To P——r's gate did haste,
 Arriving soon, and rapping hard,
 Like hasty Seraphim,
 P——r did to his post repair,
 To let the angel in.

When porter P——r op'd the door,
 And saw her face and mien,
 Of bows and scrapes he made some score,
 Expecting she'd come in.

But, pointing to the earth, the fair
 Then laughing, said aloud,
 I'd rather be an angel there,
 Than one amongst a croud.

Song LIV. *I am, cry'd Apollo, when Daphne, &c.*

Beauty at best is a sickening flower,
 It fades and decays as soon as 'tis blown;
 It palls in enjoyment, and satiates the lover,
 Tho' its power the rover did lately but own.
 Thus roses, when blooming, become the delight,
 The wonder, and rapture of every eye,
 But pluck'd from their stems, they no longer delight,
 They shut up their leaves, they sicken, they die.

Then Chloe, be wise, lay hold of the time,
 Consent to my wishes, and feast my desire;
 Give no bounds to your pleasure whilst you're in your prime,
 Age creeps with a slow and a ling'ring fire.
 Ne'er mind the dull precepts of rigid old prudes,
 Who rail at enjoyment, yet languish to know
 The pleasure their virtue pretended excludes,
 Their looks and their wishes a contrary show.

Song LV. *All you that must needs, &c.*

ALL you that must needs take a leap in the dark,
 Pity the fate of young Lawſon and Clark:
 Cheated with hope, by mercy amus'd,
 Betray'd by the ſinful ways we have us'd;
 Cropt in our prime of ſtrength and youth,
 Who can but weep at ſo ſad a truth?

Once we thought 'twou'd never be night,
 But now, alas! 'twill never be light.
 Heav'nly mercy ſhine on our ſouls,
 Death draws near, hark, hark, Sepulchre's bell tolls!
 Nature is ſtronger in youth than age,
 Grant us thy ſpirit, Lord, grief to aſſuage.

Courſes of evil delighted us,
 Sinful pleaſure, deceitful bliſs;
 We ne'er ſhould have cauſe ſo much to repent,
 Could we with our callings have been content;
 The ſnares of wine, and women fair,
 Firſt were the cauſe that we now deſpair.

You that now view our fatal end,
 Warn'd by our caſe, your carriage mend;
 Soon or late grim death will come,
 Who'd not prepare for a certain doom?
 Span long life, with its lifeleſs joys,
 What's in this world, but care and noiſe?

Youth, tho' bleſt by being ſo,
 As vaſt thy joy, ſo great thy woe;
 Ev'ry ſin that gives delight,
 Will in the end thy ſoul aſſright:
 'Tis not thy youth, thy wealth, nor ſtrength,
 Can add to life one moment's length.

God,

God, that is merciful and just,
Cleanse our hearts, since die we must;
Sweet temptations of wordly joy,
Make for our grief, and our peace destroy:
Think then, when man his race has run,
Death is the prize which he has won.

Sure there are none so absurd and odd,
To think with the fool, there is no god;
What is't we fear, when death we meet,
Were it not to account at the judgment-seat?
That providence we find each hour,
Proves him a supernat'ral pow'r:
In mercy open thy bright abode,
Receive our souls, tremendous God.

Song LVI. *A Yorkshire tale.*

COME hither, good people, both aged and young,
And give your attention to my merry song;
I'll sing you a true one, and not hold you long.
With a down, down, down, up and down, derry, &c.

A parson there was, and whose name I could tell,
But suppose I do not, it will do full as well,
Whose wife did all Yorkshire in beauty excell.
With a down, &c.

Her texture so perfect, her eyes black as floe,
Her hair curling shone, and like jet it did show,
Which often denotes 'tis the same thing below.
With a down, &c.

A sprightly young spark she had smitten so deep,
Nor day had he quiet, nor night could he sleep;
Which made him think how to her bed he should creep.
With a down, &c.

Assistance

Assistance he wanted, and then did unbend
His mind to a brother, before a good friend;
Who said, fear not, Watt, thou shalt compass thy end.
With a down, &c.

In woman's apparel dress out, and be gay,
I'll venture my life on't, 'twill be a sure way,
If you condescend but to what I shall say.
With a down, &c.

And thus to the parson's this couple rode on:
Dear Doctor, says Frank, here's a thing to be done,
Which office perform'd, I shall gratefully own.
With a down, &c.

This lady that long has love's passion defy'd,
And all my addresses so often deny'd,
Will now make me happy, by being my bride.
With a down, &c.

'Tis past the canonical hour, said he,
And till the next morning you know it can't be,
And then I'll attend you, Sir, most readily.
With a down, &c.

Says Frank, I confess, Sir, you're perfectly right;
But here lies the hardship, we can't, while 'tis light,
Get to the next town for a lodging to-night.
With a down, &c.

Take no care of that, Sir, for thus it shall be,
The lady, if she thinks it fit to agree,
Shall lie with my dearest, and you lie with me.
With a down, &c.

You so much oblige me, in what you now say,
I hope in return I shall find out a way,
Such generous kindness with thanks to repay.
With a down, &c.

This being agreed on, both sides did consent,
To put the glass round, and the evening was spent,
In mirth and good chear, then to bed they all went.
With a down, &c.

No sooner in bed then, but with a bold grace,
Watt, full of desire, thus open'd the case,
Dear madam, says he, I must — then did embrace.
With a down, &c.

Confounded the lay, and not able to speak,
To think how these wags had deceiv'd her and Dick;
But at last she was pleas'd with the frolick and trick.
With a down, &c.

He pleas'd her so well, that transported the lay,
Contriving and plotting for his longer stay,
Which thus to her husband she form'd the next day.
With a down, &c.

This lady, my dearest, last night full of grief,
Of hugg'd me, and told me, I can't for my life
Consent, tho' I've promis'd him to be his wife.
With a down, &c.

To-morrow, said she, and then freely went on,
Tho' I love him, my heart tells me I must be gone :
If so, the poor man, you know may be undone.
With a down, &c.

Now, how to prevent this, I'll think of a way,
If I can persuade her some time for to stay ;
And that's a good office, I'm sure you will say.
With a down, &c.

'Tis so, my dear creature ; pray do what you can
To please her, and bring her to humour again ;
And I'll do my best to divert the poor man.
With a down, &c.

The plot so well taken, made both their hearts bound ;
All night, and all day too, whenever they found
Convenience for pastime, her pleasure he crown'd.
With a down, &c.

And thus my friend Watt his full swing did obtain,
The wife too in transport a whole week did reign,
And the man ne'er the worse, had his mate back again.
With a down, &c.

Song LVII. *Tweed side.*

ALL nature was smiling and gay,
 When first my sweet Nancy I saw,
 How swiftly the hours wing'd away!
 How pleasant was Scarborough spaw!
 But since the soft charmer is gone,
 No ravishing comforts remain,
 The moments drag heavily on,
 And Scarborough now gives me pain.

When she bath'd, I've seen the last wave
 Seem eager the fair one to meet,
 Each wantonly strove which should have
 The pleasure of kissing her feet:
 But now the sea sullen and rough,
 In murmurs returns from the shore;
 Ye waves, you've had pleasure enough,
 In clasping the nymph I adore.

In the dance she went swimmingly round,
 How nimbly the fair tript along!
 What harmony rose from the sound,
 When she cheer'd the Long Room with a song!
 But now no delight can I find
 In dancing or musick, tho' sweet,
 Gay Vipont's but wakes in my mind
 Soft transports I ne'er must repeat.

How nimbly the happy time flew,
 A month seem'd no more than a day!
 O why, since I lov'd her so true,
 Was I forc'd from my angel away?
 No joys shall I here ever find,
 The Long Room's grown a desert to me,
 Vipont's but recalls to my mind
 Soft transports I ne'er more shall see.

Song

Song LVIII. *Bright wonder of nature, &c.*

B Right wonder of nature,
 Divine in each feature;
 Bright wonder of nature,
 Divine in each feature,
 You conquer, you conquer all hearts;
 Bright wonder of nature,
 Divine in each feature,
 You conquer, you conquer, you conquer all hearts.
 Admiring, we're dying,
 'Tis only by flying
 We're safe from your darts;
 Admiring, we're dying,
 'Tis only by flying,
 By flying, we're safe from your darts.

Song LIX. *Whenever, Chloe, I begin, &c.*

Whenever, Chloe, I begin
 Your heart like mine to move,
 You tell me of the crying sin
 Of unchaste, lawless love.

How can that pleasure be a crime,
 Which gave my Chloe birth?
 How can those joys but be divine,
 Which form a heav'n on earth?

To cheat mankind, the priest trapan
 By some vain fallacy,
 And disobey God's great commands,
 Increase and multiply.

You say, that love's a crime; content;
 But still confess you must,
 More joy in heav'n o'er one that repents,
 Than ninety-nine that's just.

Then sin, dear girl, for heaven's sake,
 Repent, and be forgiven;
 Bless me, and by repentance make
 A holiday in heaven.

Song LX. *Come, little Cupid, &c.*

Come, little Cupid, god of love,
 Each tender passion gently move,
 With fondest wishes, softest pain,
 Exert thy courted pleasing reign;
 Assist this present new desire,
 And gently fan the glowing fire.

Then prune your silken wings, and bear
 These sounds to haughty Chloe's ear:
 Capricious fair one, lay aside
 Your awkward coyness, hateful pride;
 For know, that now's the happy hour
 That roving Damon owns your pow'r.

Then quickly snatch thy golden bow,
 Accept the flame, receive the vow;
 Tell her, I rage, I burn, I die;
 Don't tell her, boy, 'tis all a lye.
 Tell her, to day if she'll not yield,
 To-morrow Celia takes the field.

Song LXI. *When love and youth, &c.*

When love and youth can't make essay,
 Nor with the fair avail,
 To bend to Cupid's gentle sway;
 What art can then prevail?
 What art, &c.

I'll tell you, Strephon, a receipt
Of a most sov'reign pow'r,
If you the stubborn would defeat,
Let drop a golden show'r,
Let drop, &c.

This method try'd enamour'd Jove,
Before he could obtain
The cold regardless Danae's love,
Or conquer her disdain,
Or conquer, &c.

By Cupid's self I have been told,
He never wounds a heart
So deep, as when he tips with gold
The fatal piercing dart,
The fatal, &c.

Song LXII. *Glide softly down, &c.*

GLide softly down, thou purling stream,
Pursue the lad I love,
In gentle murmurs tell my flame,
And try his heart to move.

So may thy banks be ever green,
Thy channel never dry;
And if thy springs be failing seen,
My tears shall them supply.

May gilded carps thy surface swim,
In place of useless weeds,
May painted flow'rs adorn thy brim,
And knots of bending reeds.

Song LXIII. *When women are fractious, &c.*

A I R I.

When women are fractious, and will not comply,
 Yet gold's a temptation they cannot deny,
 At the sight of this argument all scruples fly,
 They go down, down, down, down, down, down,
 derry, derry, derry, up and down, down, derry
 down.

The lover may cant of his flames and his darts,
 And think of succeeding by those little arts ;
 But here's the true ruler of all women's hearts,
 Brings 'em down, down, down, &c.

A I R II.

Consider, Dorinda, how time flies away,
 And that form, which appears so enchanting to day,
 May to-morrow be blasted, or turn'd into clay,
 With your down, &c.

Come, come then, my dearest, no longer be coy,
 But let us the present soft moments enjoy,
 And taste of those pleasures which never will cloy,
 With your down, &c.

Song LXIV. *One day the wanton, &c.*

ONE day the wanton god of love,
 Stole from the skies unknown ;
 Venus strait harnesses her doves,
 And flies to seek her son.

She meets young Strephon on the green,
 And thus accosts the swain :
 Say, shepherd, have you Cupid seen,
 Come wand'ring o'er the plain ?

I fear

I fear I've lost my fav'rite boy,
The rogue this morning left me;
E'er since, his absence of all joy
And pleasure has bereft me.

Strait Strephon with a smile replies:
For that you need not mind him;
Search when you will, in Chloe's eyes,
You may be sure to find him.

Song LXV. *With constant zeal, &c.*

WITH constant zeal you, Damon, praise
The lasting joys of wine;
Strephon with utmost art displays
Bright beauty's power divine.

To me the difference ye refer,
To end the great dispute;
To neither singly I'll adhere,
Thus neither friend confute.

The charms of beauty I admire,
In Bacchus I delight;
Alternately each joy desire,
Where'er they do invite.

When tir'd with wine, I'd haste away
To find new joys in love;
On Chloe's breast awhile I'd lay,
And then for wine I'd rove.

Song LXVI. *A burlesque on the foregoing one.*

HOW earnestly Sir John repeats
The joys of pipe and glaſs!
Whilst honest Will says, nought's so sweet
As a kind pretty lass.

You

You wou'd have split your sides, to see
 How they abus'd each other;
 At length it was agreed, for me
 To end this mighty potter.

You fools, says I, ye both are wrong
 For sticking close to either;
 Such charms to each of them belong,
 That I will giv't for neither.

Bacchus and Venus both must join,
 To form a perfect man;
 And so when I've been tir'd with wine,
 I'll trip to Drury-Lane.

Song LXVII. *Can then a look create, &c.*

CA N then a look create a thought,
 Which time can ne'er remove?
 Yes, foolish heart, again thou'rt caught,
 Again thou bleed'st for love.

She sees the conquest of her eyes,
 Nor heals the wounds she gave;
 She smiles, whene'er his blushes rise,
 And, fighting, shuns her slave.

Then, swain, be bold, and still adore her,
 Still her flying charms pursue;
 Love and friendship both implore her,
 Pleading night and day for you.

Song LXVIII. *At a May-pole down, &c.*

AT a May-pole down in Kent,
 Now spring with flow'ry sweets was come,
 Nymphs with swains to dancing went,
 Each hop'd to bring the garland home.

When

When Amelia came, they all gave way,
Youths with joy their homage pay,
Nymphs confess her queen of May,
No one was ever yet so gay.

As her skin, the lilly fair ;
New-budding rose her mouth imparts ;
New-strung Cupid's bow, her hair ;
Eyes, his keenest ebon darts.
When you do her temper view,
Young, but wise ; admir'd, yet true ;
Never charm'd with empty shew ;
Ne'er indiscreet, yet easy too.

All around your steps advance,
New foot it in a fairy ring,
Nimble trip, and as you dance,
Ever live, bright Amelia ! sing.
With boughs of oak their hats beset,
Your brave fires their conqu'ror met :
No crown, but her locks of jet,
Now does your free allegiance get.

Song LXIX. *My goddess Celia, heav'nly fair.*

BElinda, see from yonder flow'rs
The bee flies loaded to its cell ;
Can you perceive what it devours ?
Are they impair'd in shew or smell ?

So tho' I robb'd you of a kiss,
Sweeter than their ambrosial dew,
Why are you angry at my bliss ?
Has it at all improv'rish'd you ?

'Tis by this cunning I contrive,
In spite of your unkind reserve,
To keep my famish'd love alive,
Which you inhumanly wou'd starve.

Song LXX. *Arise, arise, &c.*

A Rise, arise, great dead, for arms renown'd,
 Rise from your urns, and save your dying story;
 Your deeds will be in dark oblivion drown'd,
 For mighty William seizes all your glory.

Again the British trumpet sounds,
 Again Britannia bleeds;
 To glorious death, or comely wounds,
 Her godlike monarch leads.

Pay us, kind fate, the debt you owe,
 Celestial minds from clay untie;
 Let coward spirits dwell below,
 And only give the brave to die.

Song LXXI. *By masons art, &c.*

BY masons art th' aspiring dome
 In various columns shall arise;
 All climates are their native home,
 Their godlike actions reach the skies.

Heroes and Kings revere their name,
 And poets sing their lasting fame;
 Great, generous, virtuous, good and brave,
 Are titles they most justly claim.

Their deeds shall live beyond the grave,
 And ev'ry age their fame proclaim:
 Time shall their glorious acts inroll,
 And love with friendship charm the soul.

Song LXXII. *Pretty Sally.*

OF all the trades from east to west,
A cobbler's past contending,
Is like in time to prove the best,
That ev'ry day is mending.
How great's his praise, who can amend
The soles of all his neighbours,
Nor is unmindful of his end,
But to his last still labours!

Song LXXIII. *Diogenes, surly and proud.*

OL D Saturn that drone of a god,
And father of all the divine,
Still govern'd the world with a nod,
Yet fancied brisk women and wine;
And when he was whimsical grown,
By sipping his plentiful bowl,
Then frankly the truth he would own,
That a wench was the joy of his foul.

Great Jupiter, like his old dad,
To love and a bottle inclin'd,
When mellow, was constantly glad
To find a plump girl to his mind;
And then, as the story is told,
He'd conjure himself in her arms,
As once in a shower of gold
He rifled fair Danae's charms.

Stern Mars, the great god of the field,
All day tho' delighting in blood,
At night his fierce godship would yield
To beauty and wine that was good:
With nectar he'd cherish his heart,
And raise up his wanton desires,
Then to Venus, his darling, impart
The warmth of his amorous fires.

Apollo, the patron of bays,
 Full goblets would merrily drain,
 And sing forth poetical lays,
 When the fumes had got into his brain:
 But still as he whimsical grew,
 By toping the juice of the vine,
 To Parnassus daily he flew,
 To kiss all the musical nine.

Sly Mercury too, like the rest,
 Made wenching and wine his delight,
 And thought himself perfectly blest
 With a bottle and mistress at night:
 No wonder debauches he lov'd,
 And cheating his pleasure he made,
 For the gods have ev'ry one prov'd
 That pimping was always his trade.

Plump Bacchus, that tun-belly'd sot,
 His thirst could but seldom allay,
 Till astride o'er a hog'shead he got,
 And drank all the liquor away:
 As long as upright he could sit,
 He'd strenuously bellow for more;
 When drunk, then the vessel would quit,
 And reel to some Bacchanal whore.

Song LXXIV. *Ev'ry man take a glass, &c.*

EV'ry man take a glass in his hand,
 And drink a good health to our king,
 Many years may he rule o'er this land,
 May his laurels for ever fresh spring:
 Let wrangling and jangling straitway cease,
 Let ev'ry man strive for his country's peace;
 Neither Tory nor Whig
 With your parties look big,
 Here's a health to all honest men.

'Tis not owning a whimsical name,
That proves a man loyal and just,
Let him fight for his country's fame,
Be impartial at home if in trust:
'Tis this that proves him an honest soul,
His health we will drink in a brim-full bowl.

Then cease all debate,
No confusion create,
Here's a health to all honest men.

When a company's honestly met,
With intent to be jovial and gay,
Their drooping souls for to whet,
And drown the fatigues of the day,
What madness it is thus to dispute,
When neither side can his man confute?
When you've said what you dare,
You're but just where you were,
Here's a health to all honest men.

Then agree, silly Britons, agree,
And ne'er quarrel about a nick-name,
Let your enemies trembling see,
That an Englishman's always the same.
For our King, our church, our laws and right,
Let's lay by all feuds, and straitway unite;
Then who need care a fig,
Who's Tory or Whig?
Here's a health to all honest men.

Song LXXV. *'Twas in the land of Cyder.*

OF noble race was Shinkin,
Of the line of Owen Tudor,
But hur renown is fled and gone,
Since cruel love pursu'd hur.
Fair Winny's eyes bright shining,
With muckle grace alluring,
Poor Shinkin's heart with fatal dart
Has wounded past all curing.

Hur

Hur was the prettiest fellow
 At foot-ball, or at cricket ;
 At hunting chase, or running race,
 Od splut, how her could nick it !

But human joys are fleeting,
 Both pale and wan hur cheeks too,
 Hur heart so akes, hur quite forsakes
 Hur herrings and hur leaks too.

No more must dear metheglin
 Be top'd at good Montgomery ;
 For if love's sore smarts one week more,
 Farewell skim cheese and flummery.

Song LXXVI. *Old stories tell, &c.*

OLD stories tell, how Hercules
 A dragon slew at Lerna,
 With seven heads, and fourteen eyes,
 To see and well discern-a :
 But he had a club, this dragon to drub,
 Or he had ne're don't, I warrant ye :
 But Moore of Moore-Hall, with nothing at all,
 He slew the dragon of Wantley.

This dragon had two furious wings,
 Each one upon each shoulder ;
 With a sting in his tail, as long as a flail,
 Which made him bolder and bolder.
 He had long claws, and in his jaws
 Four and forty teeth of iron ;
 With a hide as tough, as any buff,
 Which did him round environ.

Have you not heard of the Trojan horse,
 With seventy men in his belly ?
 This dragon was not quite so big,
 But very near, I'll tell you.

Devoured

Devoured he, poor children three,
That could not with him grapple;
And at one sup, he eat them up,
As one would eat an apple.

All sorts of cattle this dragon did eat,
Some say he eat up trees,
And that the forest sure he would
Devour by degrees:
For houses and churches, were to him geese and turkies;
He eat all, and left none behind,
But some stones, dear Jack, which he could not crack,
Which on the hills you will find.

In Yorkshire, near fair Rotheram,
The place I know it well,
Some two or three miles, or thereabouts,
I vow I cannot tell;
But there is a hedge, just on the hill edge,
And Matthew's house hard by it;
O there and then, was this dragon's den,
You could not chuse but spy it.

Some say, this dragon was a witch;
Some say, he was a devil,
For from his nose a smoke arose,
And with it burning snivel;
Which he cast off, when he did cough,
Into a well that stands by;
Which made it look, just like a brook
Running with burning brandy.

Hard by a furious knight there dwelt,
Of whom all towns did ring;
For he could wrestle, play at quarter-staff, kick, cuff and huff,
Call son of a whore, do any kind of thing:
By the tail and the main, with his hands twain,
He swung a horse till he was dead;

And

And what is stranger, he for very anger
Eat him all up but his head.

These children, as I told, being at ;
Men, women, girls, and boyse
Sighing and sobbing came to his lodging,
And made a hideous noise :

O save us all, Moore of Moore-Hall,
Thou peerless knight of these woods ;
Do but slay this dragon, who won't leave us a rag on,
We'll give thee all our goods.

Tut, tut, quoth he, no goods I want ;
But I want, I want in sooth,
A fair maid of sixteen, that's brisk,
And smiles about the mouth ;
Hair black as sloe, both above and below,
With blushes her cheeks adorning ;
To 'noint me o're night, e're I go to fight,
And to dress me in the morning.

This being done, he did engage
To hew this dragon down ;
But first he went, new armour to
Bespeak at Sheffield town ;
With spikes all about, not within but without,
Of steel so sharp and strong ;
Both behind and before, arms, legs, and all o're,
Some five or six inches long.

Had you seen him in this dress,
How fierce he look'd, and how big,
You would have thought him for to be
Some Egyptian Porcupig :
He frighted all, cats, dogs, and all,
Each cow, each horse, and each hog ;
For fear they did flee, for they took him to be
Some strange out-landish hedge-hog.

To see this fight, all people then
 Got upon trees and houses,
 On churches some, and chimnies too ;
 But they put on their trowfes,
 Not to spoil their hose. As soon as he rose,
 To make him strong and mighty,
 He drank by the tale, six pots of ale,
 And a quart of aqua-vitæ.

It is not strength that always wins,
 For wit does strength excel ;
 Which made our cunning champion
 Creep down into a well ;
 Where he did think this dragon would drink,
 And so he did in truth ;
 And as he stoop'd low, he rose up, and cry'd *Bob !*
 And hit him on the mouth.

Oh, quoth the dragon, pox take thee, come out,
 Thou that disturb'st me in my drink ;
 With that he turn'd, and sh--t at him ;
 Good lack, how he did stink !
 Beshrew thy soul, thy body's foul,
 Thy dung smells not like balsam ;
 Thou son of a whore, thou stink'st so sore,
 Sure thy diet is unwholsome.

Our politick knight, on the other side,
 Crept out upon the brink,
 And gave the dragon such a douse,
 He knew not what to think :
 By cock, quoth he, say you so ? do you see ?
 And then at him he let fly,
 With hand and with foot, and so they went to't,
 And the word it was, hey boys, hey !

Your words, quoth the dragon, I don't understand ;
 Then to it they fell at all,
 VOL. IV. I

Like

Like two wild boars so fierce, I may
 Compare great things with small;
 Two days and a night, with this dragon did fight
 Our champion on the ground;
 Tho' their strength it was great, their skill it was neat,
 They never had one wound.

At length the hard earth began to quake,
 The dragon gave him such a knock,
 Which made him to reel, and straight he thought
 To lift him as high as a rock,
 And then let him fall: But Moore of Moore-Hall,
 Like a valiant son of Mars,
 As he came like a lout, so he turn'd him about,
 And hit him a kick on the a-se.

Oh, quoth the dragon, with a deep sigh,
 And turn'd six times together,
 Sobbing and tearing; cursing and swearing
 Out of his throat of leather;
 Moore of Moore-Hall, O thou rascal,
 Would I had seen thee never;
 With the thing at thy foot, thou hast prick'd my a--se-gut,
 And I'm quite undone for ever.

Murder, Murder, the dragon cry'd,
 Alack, alack, for grief;
 Had you but miss'd that place, you could
 Have done me no mischief.
 Then his head he shak'd, trembled and quak'd,
 And down he lay, and cry'd;
 First on one knee, then on back tumbled he,
 So groan'd, kick'd, sh-t, and dy'd.

Song LXXVII. *Celia, hoard thy charms, &c*

CELIA, hoard thy charms no more,
 Beauty's like the miser's treasure,
 Still the vain possessor's poor;
 What are riches without pleasure?
 Endless pains the miser takes
 To encrease his heaps of money;
 Lab'ring bees his pattern makes,
 Yet he fears to taste his honey.

Views, with aching eyes, his store,
 Trembling, lest he chance to lose it,
 Pining still for want of more,
 Tho' the wretch wants pow'r to use it.
 Celia thus, with endless arts,
 Spends her days, her charms improving,
 Lab'ring still to conquer hearts,
 Yet ne'er tastes the sweets of loving:

Views, with pride, her shape, her face,
 Fancying still she's under twenty;
 Age brings wrinkles on a pace,
 While she starves with all her plenty.
 Soon or late they both will find,
 Time their idol from them sever;
 He must leave his gold behind,
 Lock'd within his grave for ever.

Celia's fate will still be worse,
 When her fading charms deceive her,
 Vain desire will be her curse,
 When no mortal will relieve her.
 Celia, hoard thy charms no more,
 Beauty's like the miser's treasure:
 Taste a little of thy store;
 What is beauty without pleasure?

Song LXXVIII. *Of all the troubles, &c.*

OF all the troubles, all the fears
 With which mankind are curst,
 Of all the sorrows and the cares,
 A rival is the worst.

By partners in another kind,
 Afflictions easier grow,
 In love alone we hate to find
 Companions in our woe.

Sylvia, for all the storms you see
 Arising in my breast,
 I beg not that you'd pity me,
 But that you'd slight the rest.

Howe'er severe thy rigours are,
 Alone with them I'll cope;
 I can endure my own despair,
 But not another's hope.

Song LXXIX. *Well met, my jovial, &c.*

WE L L met, my jovial brethren,
 And a jovial crew we'll be;
 For tell me, where can joy appear
 Without society?
And a jovial crew we'll be.

We'll take a glass with freedom,
 But not ourselves disguise;
 For tho' the fools observe no rules,
 Yet prudence guides the wise.
And a jovial crew, &c.

Our harmless conversation
 Shall still encrease our love,

Since

Since amity, all must agree,
Is a blessing from above.
And a jovial crew, &c.

Let warriors go to Kent,
To guard that liquid ocean,
Whilst we in guarding this, my boys,
Have far the better notion.
And a jovial crew, &c.

S——R——t's gone to N——
With many nobles more
And whilst the nation's all a starving,
O he keeps open door!
And a begging we must go.

Song LXXX. *Bacchus, god of mortal, &c.*

BACCHUS, god of mortal pleasure,
Ever give me thy dear treasure,
How I long for t'other quart!
Drowsy waiter, since 'tis no later,
Why should good companions part?

He that's willing, whip a shilling,
Follow this example round;
If you'd wear a liberal spirit,
Put about the generous claret,
After death no drinking's found.

Song LXXXI. *Come fill us a bumper, &c.*

COME fill us a bumper of red, my brave boys,
Let us call for the slaves from below,
Wine alone 'tis inspires the mind with true joys,
Since the gods in their h——s drink so.

He that troubles his head with dull cares, is an ass,
Having such brisk liquor before him;
Let's bury the world in the grave of the glass,
And for the brisk god let's adore him.

Let's laugh at the wife, and their morals despise,
 The rich juice 'tis that affords us delight;
 Let us drink a good health to our mistress's eyes,
 Till our own eyes shall bid us good night.

Song LXXXII. *How now, sister, &c.*

HOW now, sister Betteris, why look you so sad?
Gillian. The times are so hard and our trading so bad,
 That we in our function no money can gain,
 Our pride and our bravery for to maintain.

Bett. True, sister Gillian, I know it full well;
 But what will you say if such news I do tell?
 And how will't rejoyce you, to hear it made plain,
 What will make our trade quick, and more money gain!

There's none of the pitiful tribe we'll be for,
 And six-penny customers we will abhor;
 For all those that will our dominions invade,
 Must pay for their fauce, we must live by our trade.

Gil. Good sister, if you can make this but appear,
 My spirit and senses you greatly will chear,
 But a famine of flesh will bring all things to pass,
 Or else we are as bad still as ever we was.

Bett. Lately a council of bards there did meet,
 In Cock and Pye-alley, near Do-little-street:
 And who was the counsel, and what was there done;
 I'll make it out to you as clear as the sun.

From Ratcliff high-way, and from Nightingale-lane,
 Their deputies come with a very fine train:
 Unto these two couple came long-sided Sue,
 She's as good as e'er twang'd, if you give her due.

Then Tower-Ditch and Hatton-Wall sent in their pray'r,
 And drest as compleatly as horses for fairs;
 With them jumping Jenny appear'd, as 'tis said,
 Who ne'er in her life of a man was afraid.

The

The two Metropolitans came from the Park,
As arch at the game, as e'er play'd in the dark ;
Then Lutener's-lane a gay couple did bring,
Two better, I think, were ne'er stretch'd in hemp-string.

There were many others from places remote,
The which 'tis too tedious for me here to note ;
And what was their business, I here will declare,
How to keep our trade in repute they take care.

And first for those ladies that walk in the night,
Their aprons and handkerchiefs they should be white,
And that they do walk more in town than in fields,
For that is the place most variety yields.

And those that are over-much worn by their trade,
Shall go in a vessel, their passage being paid,
The Venture of Cuckolds 'tis called by name ;
And this is the way for to keep up our fame.

And this is the ship which the cuckolds have brought,
It lies at their haven, and is to be fraught :
And thither whores rampant, that please, may repair,
With master and captain to truck for their ware.

And for a supply, that our trade may increase,
(For wanton commodity it will grow less)
We'll visit the carriers, and take them up there,
And then for their tutoring we will take care.

In this we shall ease all the countries to do't,
And do ourselves pleasure and profit to boot ;
For one that is crack'd in the country before,
In London will make a spick and span whore.

There's many more precepts which they did advise,
But these which I give you here shall suffice :
And when you have heard them, I think you will say,
We ne'er were more likely to thrive in our way.

Song LXXXIII. *An honest man, &c.*

AN honest man, as I am told,
 He was a cuckold made ;
 With his sweet wife, a Spaniard bold
 The wanton frolick play'd.
 I'll tell you how it came to pass,
 If you'll attend a while ;
 A guinea to a single groat,
 This song will make you smile.

In Flanders fair, a simple clown,
 As he travelling had been,
 Bringing his wife in company,
 Came late into his inn :
 A Spanish soldier being there
 A guest unto the place,
 No sooner saw, but lik'd his wife,
 She had a comely face.

Her cheeks for curious red and white,
 The like is seldom seen ;
 All over charming beauty bright,
 And of a courteous mien ;
 The soldier then his weapon drew,
 And stood upon his guard,
 And vow'd he'd have a touch or two,
 Or it shou'd 'scape him hard.

No rest or quiet could he take,
 For Cupid's loud alarms ;
 Free plunder he resolv'd to make
 Of her delightful charms.
 He watch'd when they were gone to bed,
 Then boldly in comes he,
 And never said, friend, by your leave,
 But made their number three.

He clasp'd her round her tender waist,
And fairly fell to work ;
She had not oft been so embrac'd,
He pleas'd her at a jerk :
The clown lay still, and felt a stir,
But durst not speak for's life ;
At length his patience was so mov'd,
He softly jogg'd his wife,

And said to her, prithee intreat
The Spaniard to be still.
To speak Spanish, man, quoth she,
You know I have no skill.
But, husband, if you please to rise,
And to the sexton go,
He understandeth Spanish well,
Assuredly I know.

Faith, and I'll fetch him strait, quoth he,
And to the rustick rose,
And softly sneaking out at door,
About his message goes :
Mean time imagine what you will,
To me it is unknown ;
But ere the husband came again,
The Spaniard he was gone.

Which when the simple man perceiv'd,
He fell to domineer ;
O wife, said he, for twenty pound
I would he had been here,
This cudgel should have thrash'd his hide,
Till all his bones were broke ;
That I would have been satisfy'd,
'Cause he did me provoke.

By this chaffing hand of mine,
He should have felt the smart :
I know he had some base design,
Which vex'd me to the heart.

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Tell me, sweet heart, when I was gone,
How long the knave did stay?
Quoth she, you scarce was out of doors
Before he ran away.

Wife, quoth the clown, thou mak'st me laugh,
That I did fear him thus:
Come, let us take a little nap,
For his disturbing us;
You see what comes of policy
And good discretion, wife;
If I had been some hasty fool,
It might have cost my life.

Ah, so it might, quoth she, my dear,
'Tis well you had that wit,
I should have dy'd for very fear,
If you and he had fight;
Come, let us keep each other warm,
And pleasant stories tell:
O! as he has done me no harm,
So all I hope is well.

Song LXXXIV. *Cupid, instruct, &c.*

Cupid, instruct an am'rous swain
Some way to tell the nymph his pain,
To common youths unknown:
To talk of sighs, of flames, of darts,
Of bleeding wounds and burning hearts,
Are methods vulgar grown.

What need'st thou tell? (the god reply'd)
That love the shepherd cannot hide,
The nymph will quickly find:
When Phœbus does his beams display,
To tell men gravely that 'tis day,
Is to suppose 'em blind.

Song LXXXV. *In the days of my youth, &c.*

A Man that is drunk, is void of all care,
 Fa la la la la la la la luddy ;
 He fears neither party, nor quiver, nor spear, fa la ;
 At a fierce poyson'd dart he scorns for to yield,
 The bottle alone is his quiver and shield,
 Fa la la luddy, fa la la luddy, fa la la, fa la la luddy.

Undaunted he goes among bullies and whores, fa, la la,
 Demolishes windows and breaks open doors, fa la la, &c.
 All night he does wander in fear of no evil,
 And boldly defies both the proctor and devil,
 Fa la, la, &c.

No monster would put you to half so much fear, fa la, &c.
 Should he in Apulia's deserts appear, fa la,
 In Arabian dress, such as never was seen,
 A monster so hated by gods and by men,
 Fa, la, &c.

One night I rode out with my skin full of wine, fa la,
 My pate void of care, and my pocket of coin, fa la,
 I boldly accosted a horrible dun,
 As soon as he saw me, away he did run,
 Fa la, &c.

Come place me, ye deities, under the line, fa la,
 Where ne'er a tree grows, or herb, but the vine, fa la,
 O'er hot, burning coals I would sulter and sweat,
 Bare-footed and nothing to keep out the heat,
 Fa la, &c.

Or place me where sun-shine is ne'er to be found, fa la,
 Where nothing but frost does eternally abound, fa la,
 O there would I nought but my bottle require,
 My bottle alone should fill me with fire,
 Fa la, &c.

My tutor does jobe me and set me down rules, fa la,
 Who ~~chide~~ them, but mad philosophical Fools? fa la,
 For when I'm grown old, and can no more drink,
 O then it is time to sit down and think:
 Fa la, &c.

Thus great Alexander was tutor'd in vain, fa la,
 And thought Aristotle an ass for his pain, fa la,
 He solely delighted in liquor to drown,
 And when he was drunk the whole world was his own,
 Fa la, &c.

This world is a tavern with liquor well stor'd, fa la,
 And in it I came to be as drunk as a lord, fa la,
 My life for the reckoning I freely will pay,
 And when I am drunk I will stagger away,
 Fa la, &c.

Song LXXXVI. *Wou'd you court, &c.*

WOU'D you court the joys won't leave you;
 Pay your vows to Bacchus's shrine,
 Other pleasures will deceive you, other pleasures, &c.
 Truth is only found in wine,
 Truth is, &c.

Let each sneaking puny lover
 Bow to Cupid like a fool,
 Just experience will discover, just, &c.
 He's no more than woman's fool,
 He's no more, &c.

Bring more wine, then charge your glasses,
 Let them sparkle with generous red,
 Drown a thousand loving asses, drown, &c.
 Then in triumph march to bed,
 Then in &c.

Song LXXXVII. *When first Amyntas, &c.*

WHEN first Amyntas w'd for a kiss,
 My innocent heart was tender ;
 And tho' I puff'd him away from the bliss,
 My eyes declar'd my heart was won :
 I fain an artful coynais wou'd use,
 Before I the fort did surrender ;
 But love wou'd suffer no more such abuse,
 And soon, alas ! my cheat was known.
 He'd sit all day, and laugh and play,
 A thousand pretty things would say ;
 My hand he'd squeeze, and press my knees,
 Till farther on he got by degrees.

My heart, just like a vessel at sea,
 Wou'd tols when Amyntas was near me ;
 But ah ! so cunning a pilot was he,
 Thro' doubts and fears he'd still sail on :
 I thought in him no danger cou'd be,
 Too wisely he knows how to steer me ;
 And soon, alas ! was brought to agree,
 To taste of joys before unknown :
 Well might he boast his pain not lost,
 For soon he found the golden coast ;
 Enjoy'd the oar, and touch'd the shore,
 Where never merchant went before.

Song LXXXVIII. *A mock on the foregoing song : Amynta one night, &c.*

A Mynta one night had occasion to p——is,
 Joan reach'd her the pot that stood by her ;
 In the next chamber could hear it to hiss,
 The staise was small, but steam was strong :

My

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My soul was melting, thinking of bliss,
 And raving I lay with desire;
 But nought could be done,
 For alas she p——d on,
 Nor car'd for pangs I suffer'd long,
 Joan next made haste,
 In the self same case,
 To fix the pot close to her own a——;
 Then floods did come,
 One might have swum,
 And puffs of whirl-wind flew from her b——
 Says Joan, by these strange blasts that do rise,
 I guess that the night will grow windy;
 For when such showers do fall from the skies,
 To clear the air the north-wind blows.
 Ye nasty quean, her lady replies,
 That tempest broke out from behind ye;
 And though it was decently kept from my eyes,
 The troubled air offends my nose.
 Says Joan, 'ods-heart, *
 You have p——d a quart,
 And now you make ado for a f——t;
 'Tis still your mind,
 To squeeze behind,
 But never fell shower from me without wind,

Song LXXXIX. *Ab, my fickle Jenny.*

He. **A** H, my fickle Jenny,
 While there was not any
 In an the Nearth had pow'r to win ye,
 But Jockey only to his arms,
 Ne're a laird in an the nation
 Was in so happy a station,
 As Jockey, when in possession
 Of Jenny in her early charms,

She.

Songs and Ballads.

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She. Had you still address me,
As eance you carest me,
Neane other lad had e'er posselt me,
But thine alean I now had been :
Had I only been in vogue w'ye,
And had you let neane else colloque ye,
Nor rambled after Kathern Oggie,
I'd sped as weel as any queen.

He. Moggy of Dumferling,
Is now my only darling,
Who sings as sweet as any starling,
And dances with a bonny air :
Moggy is so kind and tender,
If fate was ready now to end her,
Cou'd I but from the stroke defend her,
I'd die if he wad Moggy spare:

She. Sawney me caresses,
Whose bagpipe so pleases,
That never my poor heart at ease is,
But when we are together baith :
I'd so heartily befriend him,
If fate was ready now to end him,
Cou'd I but from the stroke defend him,
A thousand times I'd suffer death.

He. Come, let's leave this fooling,
My heart ne'er was cooling,
Neane e'er but Jenny there was ruling,
But thus our hearts we fondly try.

She. To thy arms, if thou restore me,
Shou'd au the lairds i'th' lond adore me,
Nay, our gued King himsel send for me,
With thee alean I'd live and die.

Song

She.

Song XC. Live with me, &c.

IF Rosamond, that was so fair,
 Had cause her sorrows to declare;
 Then let Jane Shore with sorrow sing,
 That was beloved of a king.
 Then, wanton wives, in time amend,
 For love and beauty will have end.

In maiden years my beauty bright
 Was loved dear by lord and knight;
 But yet the love that they requir'd,
 It was not as my friends desir'd.
 Then, wanton wives, &c.

My parents they, for thirst of gain,
 A husband for me did obtain;
 And I their pleasure to fulfil,
 Was forc'd to wed against my will.

To Matthew Shore I was a wife,
 Till lust brought ruin to my life:
 And then my life I slowly spent,
 Which makes my soul for to lament.

In Lombard-street I once did dwell,
 As London yet can witness well;
 Where many gallants did behold
 My beauty in a shop of gold.

I spread my plumes, as wantons do;
 Some sweet and secret friend to woo,
 Because my love I did not find
 Agreeing to my wanton mind.

At last my name in court did ring
 Into the ears of England's king,
 Who came, and lik'd, and love requir'd,
 But I made coy what he desir'd.

Yet

Songs and Ballads.



Yet Mistress Blague, a neighbour near,
Whose friendship I esteemed dear,
Did say, it is a gallant thing,
To be beloved of a king.

By her persuasions I was led
For to defile my marriage-bed,
And wrong my wedded husband Shore,
Whom I had lov'd ten years before.

In heart and mind I did rejoyce,
That I had made so sweet a choice;
And therefore did my state resign,
To be king Edward's concubine.

From city then to court I went,
To reap the pleasures of content;
And had the joys that love could bring,
And knew the secrets of a king.

When I was thus advanc'd on high,
Commanding Edward with mine eye,
For Mistress Blague I, in short space,
Obtain'd a living from his grace.

No friend I had, but in short time
I made unto promotion climb;
But yet for all this costly pride,
My husband could not me abide.

His bed, tho' wronged by a king,
His heart with deadly grief did sting;
From England then he goes away,
To end his life upon the sea.

He could not live to see his name
Impaired by my wanton shame;
Altho' a prince of peerless might
Did reap the pleasure of his right.

Long time I lived in the court,
With lords and ladies of great fort;
And when I smil'd all men were glad,
But when I mourn'd my prince was sad.

But yet an honest mind I bore,
To helpless people, that were poor;
I still redress'd the orphan's cry,
And sav'd their lives condemn'd to die.

I still had ruth on widows tears,
I succour'd babes of tender years;
And never look'd for other gain,
But love and thanks for all my pain.

At last my royal king did die,
And then my days of woe grew nigh;
When crook-back'd Richard got the crown,
King Edward's friends were soon put down.

I then was punish'd for my sin,
That I so long had lived in;
Yea, every one that was his friend,
This tyrant brought to shameful end.

Then for my rude and wanton life,
That made a strumpet of a wife,
I penance did in Lombard-street,
In shameful manner in a sheet,

Where many thousands did me view,
Who late in court my credit knew;
Which made the tears run down my face,
To think upon my foul disgrace.

Not thus content, they took from me,
My goods, my livings, and my fee,
And charg'd that none should me relieve,
Nor any succour to me give.

Then unto Mistress Blague I went,
To whom my jewels I had sent,
In hope thereby to ease my want,
When riches fail'd, and love grew scant.

But she deny'd to me the same,
When in my need for them I came;
To recompence my former love,
Out of her doors she did me shove.

So love did vanish with my state,
Which now my soul repents too late;
Therefore example take by me,
For friendship parts in poverty.

But yet one friend among the rest,
Whom I before had seen distress'd,
And sav'd his life condemn'd to die,
Did give me food to succour me;

For which, by law, it was decreed,
That he was hanged for that deed;
His death did grieve me so much more,
Than had I dy'd my self therefore.

Then those to whom I had done good,
Durst not restore me any food;
Whereby in vain I begg'd all day,
And still in streets by night I lay.

My gowns, beset with pearl and gold,
Were turn'd to simple garments old;
My chains and jems and golden rings,
To filthy rags and loathsome things.

Thus was I scorn'd of maid and wife,
For leading such a wicked life;
Both sucking babes, and children small
Did make a pastime at my fall.

A Complete Collection of

I could not get one bit of bread,
Whereby my hunger might be fed,
Nor drink, but such as channels yield,
Or stinking ditches in the field.

Thus weary of my life, at length
I yielded up my vital strength,
Within a ditch of loathsome scent,
Where carrion dogs do much frequent,

The which, now since my dying day,
Is Shoreditch call'd, as writers say,
Which is a witness of my sin,
For being concubine to a king.

You wanton wives that fall to lust,
Be you assur'd that God is just;
Whoredom shall not escape his hand,
Ner pride unpunish'd in this land.

If God to me such shame did bring,
That yielded only to a king,
How shall they 'scape that daily run
To practise sin with every man?

You husbands, match not but for love,
Lest some disliking after prove;
Women, be warn'd when you are wives,
What plagues are due to sinful lives:
Then, maids and wives, in time amend,
For love and beauty will have end.



Song XCI. Heaven first created, &c.

H Heaven first created woman to be kind,
 Both to be lov'd, and for to love:
 If you contradict what heav'n has design'd,
 You'll be condemn'd by all the pow'rs above.
 Then no more dispute me, for I am rashly bent,
 To subject your beauty
 To kind nature's duty,
 Let me then salute you by consent.

Arguments and fair intreats did I use,
 But with her consent could not prevail;
 She the blessing modestly would still refuse,
 Seeming for to slight my amorous tale:
 Sometimes she would cry, Sir, prithee, dear, be good,
 Oh Sir, pray Sir, why Sir,
 Pray now, nay now, fie Sir,
 I would sooner die, Sir, than be rude.

I began to treat her then another way,
 Modestly I melted with a kiss;
 She then blushing, look'd like the rising day,
 Fitting for me to attempt the bliss:
 I gave her a fall, Sir, she began to tear,
 Crying, she would call, Sir,
 Loud as she could bawl, Sir,
 But it prov'd as false, Sir, as she's fair.

Song XCII. Virgins so fair, &c.

Virgins so fair, at length it may prove
 Your destiny to be in love,
 Pray grant me such a fate:
 May prudence always be my guide,
 With a little, little decency and pride,
 My actions to regulate.

When first in love I do commence,
 May it be with a man of sense,
 And learned education ;
 May all his courtship be to me
 Neither too formal, nor too free,
 But wisely show his passion.

May his estate agree with mine,
 That it may look like no design
 To bring us both to sorrow.
 Grant me this that I have said,
 And willingly I'd live a maid
 No longer than to-morrow.

When we are wed, may we agree,
 And neither of us angry be,
 But live free from all sorrow :
 If one be cross, may the other say,
 My dear, we won't fall out to-day,
 Whate'er we do to-morrow.

Song XCIII. *I am a young lass of Lynn, &c.*

I AM a young lass of Lynn,
 Who often said thank you too ;
 My belly's now almost to my chin,
 I cannot tell what to do.

My being so free and kind,
 Does make my heart to rue,
 The sad effects of this I find,
 And cannot tell what to do.

My petticoats which I wore,
 And likewise my aprons too,
 Alas! they are all too short before,
 I cannot tell what to do.

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Was ever young maid so cross'd,
As I who thank'd him too?
For why? my maidenhead is lost,
I cannot tell what to do.

In sorrowful sort I cry'd,
And may now for ever rue;
The pain lies in my back and side,
I cannot tell what to do.

Alas! I was kind and mild,
But now the same I rue;
Having no father for my child,
I cannot tell what to do.

I took but a touch in jest,
Believe me, this is true;
Yet am I pregnant, I protest,
I cannot tell what to do.

He crav'd my virginity,
And gave me his own in lieu:
In this I find I was too kind,
And cannot tell what to do.

Each damsel will me degrade,
And so will the young men too;
I'm neither widow, wife, nor maid,
I cannot tell what to do.

A cradle I must provide,
A chair and a posset too,
Nay, likewise twenty things beside,
I cannot tell what to do.

When I was a maiden fair,
Such sorrows I never knew;
But now my heart is full of care,
I cannot tell what to do.

Oh!

A Complete Collection of

Oh! what will become of me?
My belly's as big as two;
'Tis with a two-legg'd tympany,
I cannot tell what to do.

You lasses that hear my moan,
If you will your joys renew,
Before, till marry'd, lie alone,
Or else you at length may rue.

I came of as good a race
As most is in Lynn's fair town,
And cost a great deal bringing up,
But a little thing laid me down.

Song XCIV. *Marriage, it seems, &c.*

Marriage, it seems, is for better for worse;
Some count it a blessing, and others a curse.
The cuckolds are blest, if the proverb proves true,
And then, no doubt, but in heaven there's enough
Of honest rich rogues, who ne'er had got there,
If their wives had not sent them thro' trembling and fear.

Some women are honest, tho' rare in a wife,
Yet with scolding and brawling they'll shorten your life;
Your ne'er can enjoy your bottle and friend,
But your wife, like an imp, is at your elbow's end,
Crying fie, fie, you sot, come, come, come, come;
So these are unhappy abroad and at home.

We find that the batchelor he liveth best,
Tho' drunk or sober, he still takes his rest;
He never is troubled with scolding or strife,
('Tis the best can be said of a very good wife)
But merrily day and night does spend,
Enjoying his mistress, his bottle, and friend.

Songs and Ballads.

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A woman out-wits us, do what we can,
She'll make a fool of ev'ry wise man.
Old mother Eve did the serpent obey,
And has taught all her sex that damnable way
Of cheating and couzening all mankind;
'Twere better if Adam had still been blind.

The poor man that marries, he thinks he does well,
I pity's condition, for sure he's in hell;
The fool is a sotting, and spends all he gets,
The child is a bawling, the wife daily frets.
That marriage is pleasant, we all must agree,
Consider it well, there's none happier can be.

*Song XCV. A dialogue between a town
sharp and his hostess.*

Sharp. **W**Hilst wretched fools sneak up and down,
Play hide and seek about the town;
' Deprest by debts, and fortune's frown,
By duns too kept in awe:
Whenever my occasions call,
And 'mongst my creditors I fall,
I've one fine song that pays 'em all,
Fa, la, la, la, la, la.

Host. Good-morrow, Sir, I'm glad to see
Your humour is so brisk and free;
I hope the better 'tis for me,
If you your purse will draw:
Y'have been two years at bed and board,
And I, lord help me, took your word;
But now must have what here is scor'd,
For all your fa, la, la, la, &c.

A. Complete Collection of

Sharp. My purse, sweet hostess, is but lank,
 But I have something else in bank;
 And you at home I'll kindly thank,
 With charming sweet sol fa:
 We'll sit and chaunt from morn to noon,
 No nightingale in May or June
 Did ever sing so fine a tune,
 As fa, la, la, la, &c.

Host. You take me for an ideot, sure,
 Will this fine tune my debt secure?
 Or pay my baker, and my brewer?
 Or keep me from the law?
 To buy you shirts, there's money lent,
 Besides in meat and drink more spent;
 And can you think I pay my rent,
 With fa, la, la, la, &c.

Sharp. I'll teach thee such a pretty song,
 Shall please the rich, poor, old and young,
 Get thee a husband stout and strong,
 Some country rich jack-daw:
 Nay, more, I'll bring to quit my scores,
 A crew of toping sons of whores,
 Shall drink all night, and charm the hours,
 With fa, la, la, la, &c.

Host. Ye cunning rogues, this wheedling talk,
 You fancy will rub out my chalk;
 But I your sly design will baulk,
 When you to jail I draw:
 Your boasted song's a foolish thing,
 For do but you the money bring,
 You'll find I can already sing
 Fa, la, la, la, &c.

Sharp-

Sharp. Well, since dame Fortune is my foe,
And that I must to prison go;
Let's have a neat frisk, or so,
And then rub on the law.

Hoff. Well, since you're on the merry pin,
And make so slight the counter-gin;
I'll do't, and let the tune begin
With fa, la, la, la, &c.

Sharp. Has not my dance ill humour charm'd?

Hoff. I must confess my blood is warm'd.

Sharp. And heart, I hope, by love alarm'd,
To laugh ha, ha, ha, ha.

Hoff. You think you've catch'd me, now I smile.

Sharp. No, that I'll do at night, dear child;

Hoff. Well, I'll the bailiffs stop a-while,
To try your fa, la, la, la, la, la.

Song XCVI. Dear catholick brother.

Welch Morgan, young Teague, and brisk Sawney the
October the 19th together they got, [Scot,
Near Westminster, over a bottle, and they
Were pleas'd with the king and his c'ronation-day.

Quoth Morgan the son of Welch Shinkin by name,
From the north Welch mountains, cot bless hur, hur came,
With uncles and cousins full forty or more,
To see hur king crown'd, which hur ne'er see before.

All plood of hur plood, and dear bone of hur bones,
Ap Powel, ap Davis, ap Rice, and ap Shones;
All uncles and cousins, Welch Shentlemen born,
Goat-keepers, geese-drivers, and grinders of corn.

Their windmills and mountains, their pigs, geese, and goats,
They left in north Wales, and put on their best coats;
Their swords, tucks, and tackers, and what might be found,
To come up to London to see hur king crown'd.

Sir Taffy her uncle, cot so, will be there,
 With Winny hur daughter, sweet Winny the fair,
 Amongst all the nobles in Westminster-hall;
 If hur is not there too, it shall cost hur a fall.

Hur hopes hur shall see there, ads-splutter-a-nails,
 The son of king George, now our dear prince of Wales,
 Who never made use of a father confessor,
 Next heir to the crown of *Great Britain*, cot pless hur.

Because at the show hur resolves to look big,
 Hur sold an old cow for to buy a new wig;
 Hur knows how to strut, and hur knows what to say,
 Is call 'em Nonjurors that stand in hur way.

A true Briton born, and a protestant bred,
 Hur hat, wig, and feather shall cover hur head;
 Hur sword by hur side, that will cut, hack, and cleave
 The foes of *Great-Britain*, if they'll give hur leave.

Hub bubub, bub a boo, quoth the Irish dear joy,
 You must not by fighting those triumphs annoy;
 Should you cut a man into three or four halves,
 My shoul, you'll ne'er cure him with balsam nor salves.

Wherefore, my dear joy, put your sheath in your sword,
 The c'ronation day will much pleasure afford;
 For with lords and ladies of e'ery degree,
 His majesty's grace I am willing to see.

Because I'll be ready at that glorious fight,
 I'll go in the morning by nine over night,
 And get to the Abby before I come there,
 And see them come walking by five in a pair.

The brave Irish lords, the joy of poor Teague,
 As sure as e'er Peggy and I was in league
 Before e'er I knew her, will walk with a grace,
 And I shall rejoice for to see their sweet face.

I swear

I swear by the soles of St. Patrick's brogues,
They're kind to good men, and a terror to rogues;
I shall see them there with the rest of their train,
Dress'd in their blue ribbons of scarlet in grain;

Where they'll lead the way for his majesty's grace,
Before, or behind, or in some other place;
While conduits are ringing and bells run with wine,
Dear joy, we will drink till our noses do shine.

My honey, my cronny, and cousin Agrau,
Macdonald, my dear joy and brother in law,
Will beat on the trumpets, and drums sound the charge,
As they walk it on foot through the street in a barge.

Betimes in the morning by six afternoon,
Rich wine full of glasses I'll tipple off soon,
With Irish potatoes, good mustard and honey,
Which I'll buy without e'er a penny of money.

Quoth Sawney the Scot, what a dish you'll provide!
Potatoes with mustard, and honey beside!
The de'il split your craig, the like I ne'er knew,
You're a cook of all cooks, give the devil his due.

Quoth Sawney, I swear by St. Andrew's cross,
Your dish and your blanders make me at a loss
To know what you mean: give me bacon and cale,
On which Ise can make a good moderate meal.

But waving the talk of this new fashion dish,
Amongst fortune's favours I heartily wist,
She'd grant me the honour to see the king crown'd,
Ise cast up my bonnet ten foot from the ground

In token of joy, he's a protestant king,
Now muckle content to this land he does bring,
The kirk and the Scottish true protestant peers:
May his issue reign for a million of years.

Sir Teague and Sir Taffy, I speak to you both,
If you'll not believe me, I'll give you my oath,
Our king sprang, God bless him, from king James the first,
Once king of fair Scotland, wife, noble and just.

We'll all go together, and Taffy shall play
Before us, to honour the c'ronation day,
Upon her Welch harp; to which Taffy agreed,
So to the c'ronation they all did proceed.

Song XCVII. *Vitumnus Flora, &c.*

Vestumnus Flora, you that bless the fields.
Where warbling Philomel,

Warbling Philomel in safety builds;
And to the nymphs, to the nymphs and swains,
That revel, revel, revel o'er these plains,

That revel o'er these plains:

Dispose the joy, dispose the joy,

Dispose the joys that heav'n and nature yields.

Call Hymen, call Hymen, call, call, call, call :

Call Hymen from his merry, merry, merry, merry, merry,
(merry home :

From his merry, merry, merry, merry home;

From his merry, merry, merry, merry home:

Call Hymen, call, call Hymen from his merry, merry,
(merry, merry, merry home :

Bid him prepare, prepare, bid him prepare,

Bid him prepare, prepare, prepare his torch,

And come to sing and drink; to sing and drink,

To sing and drink full bowls;

Call, call, call loud, call, call, call loud, loud.

Call loud, and say, 'tis beauty's feast, 'tis beauty's feast,

'Tis beauty's feast, Quitera's wedding day ;

'Tis beauty's feast, Quitera's wedding day,
Quitera's wedding day.

Song

Song XCVIII. *Who in old Sodom, &c.*

WH O in old Sodom would live a day,
Grow deaf with ratling of coaches;
Where folly and noise is call'd brisk and gay,
And wit lies in studying debauches?

With stinks, which smoke and rank fogs display,
Who'd be offending their noses,
That in the sweet shades of the country may
Sit cool under bushes of roses?

Town fops in riot consume every day,
The cit will cheat his own brother;
And the ladies haunt the park and the play,
To laugh and rail at each other.

Our funds are wanting, our credit decays,
The French are publickly arming;
And for all the daily noise is of peace,
It never comes to confirming.

But we that breathe in a fragrant air,
From news, street-noise, and such howling;
Our innocent pleasures each day prepare,
With fishing, and shooting, and bowling.

Some mornings early we hunt a hare,
Who life, to pleasure us, loses;
Or else if the weather proves not fair,
At home we regale on the muses.

The charming raptures of beauty and love,
Sweet Cloris freely affords too;
When we meet each evening in a lone grove,
And sing and bill as the birds do.

She feeds on jessamin, and spring nectar drinks;
Whilst she we call a town madam,
Is infected still with foul suburb stinks,
And damns herself in old Sodom.

Song XCIX. *Rise, bonny Kate, &c.*

RISE, bonny Kate, the sun's got up high,
 The fiddlers have plaid their last merry tune,
 Let's give 'em good b'w'y,
 And gang to the wells before 'tis noon :
 There to thy health I'll drink my three quarts,
 Then ruffle among the beauties divine,
 Where tho' some young fops may chance to lose hearts,
 Assure thyself, Jockey's shall still be thine.
 When we come home, we'll kiss and we'll bill,
 And feast on each other as well as our meat,
 Then saddle our nags, and away to Box-hill,
 And there, there, there, consummate the treat :
 And when at bowls I chance to be broke,
 Smile thou, and for losses I care not a pin,
 I'll push on my fortune at night at the oak,
 And quickly, quickly, quickly, recover all again.
 For thy diversion could'st thou but think,
 Why here all degrees should bumpers take off,
 Or why all this crowd come hither to drink,
 In spite of the spleen 'twould make thee to laugh.
 Courtiers and plowmen, and statesmen and cits,
 The men of the sword, the men of the laws,
 The virgin, the punk, the fools, and the wits,
 All tope off their cups for a different cause.
 New marry'd brides, their spouses to please,
 Each morning quaff largely in hopes to conceive ;
 The bully drinks to wash off his disease,
 Still fearing the fall of the leaf :
 Old musty wives take nine in a hand,
 The maiden takes five too, that is vex'd with the greens,
 In hopes they'll have power to prepare her for man,
 When ever she comes to her teens.

The end of No. I. of Vol. IV.

A COMPLETE
COLLECTION
OF
OLD and NEW
English and Scotch
SONGS.

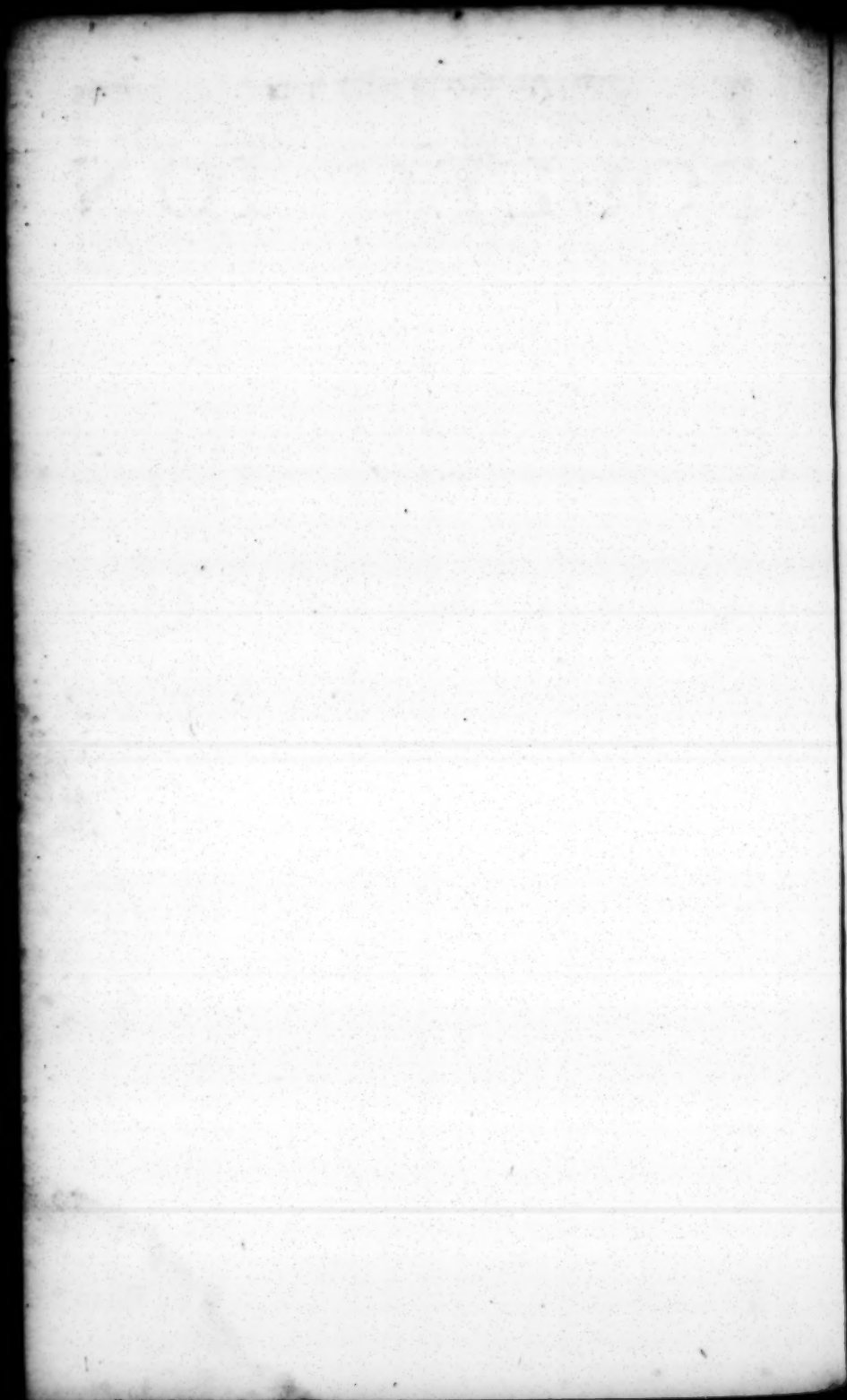
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NUMBER II. of VOLUME IV.

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M DCCXXXVI.





A
Complete COLLECTION
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Song C. *Cold and raw, &c.*



Old and raw the North did blow,
Bleak in the morning early,
All the trees were hid with snow,
Cover'd with winter yearly:

As I was riding o'er the slough,
I met with a farmer's daughter,
Rosy cheeks and a bonny brow,
Good faith, my mouth did water.

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N 2

Down

Down I vail'd my bonnet low,
 Meaning to show my breeding,
 She return'd a graceful bow,
 Her visage far exceeding :
 I ask'd her where she was going so soon,
 And long'd to hold a parley ;
 She told me, to the next market town,
 On purpose to sell her barley.

In this purse, sweet soul, said I
 Twenty pounds lies fairly,
 Seek no further one to buy,
 For I'll take all thy barley :
 Twenty pound more shall purchase delight,
 Thy person I love so dearly,
 If thou wilt lig with me all night,
 And gang home in the morning early.



If forty pound would buy the globe,
 This thing I'd not do, Sir,
 Or were my friends as poor as Job,
 I'd never raise 'em so, Sir ;
 For should you prove one night my friend,
 We's get a young kid together,
 And you'd be gone e'er nine months end,
 Then where should I find the father ?

Pray what would my parents say,
 If I should be so silly,
 To give my maidenhead away,
 And lose my true love Billy ?
 Oh, this would bring me to disgrace,
 And therefore I say you nay, Sir ;
 And if that you would me embrace,
 First marry, and then you may, Sir.

I told her, I had wedded been
 Fourteen years, and longer,
 Else I'd chuse her for my queen,
 And tie the knot more stronger.

She

She bid me then no farther come,
But manage my wedlock fairly,
And keep my purse for poor spouse at home,
For some other should buy her barley.

Then as swift as any roe
She rode away, and left me ;
After her I could not go,
Of joy she quite bereft me :
Thus I myself did disappoint,
For she did leave me fairly ;
My words knock'd all things out of joint,
I lost both the maid and the barley.

Riding down a narrow lane,
Some two or three hours after,
There I chanc'd to meet again
This farmer's bonny daughter :
Although it was both raw and cold,
I stay'd to hold a parley,
And shew'd once more my purse of gold,
When as she had sold her barley.

Love, said I, pray do not frown,
But let us change embraces,
I'll buy thee a silken gown,
With ribbons, gloves, and laces,
A ring and bodkin, muff and fan,
No lady shall have neater ;
For, as I am an honest man,
I ne'er saw a sweeter creature.

Then I took her by the hand,
And said, my dearest jewel,
Why should'st thou disputing stand ?
I prithee be not cruel.
She found my mind was fully bent
To pleasure my fond desire,
Therefore she seemed to consent,
But I wish I had never come nigh her.

She

Sir,

Sir, said she, what shall I do,
 If I commit this evil,
 And yield my self in love with you,
 I hope you will prove civil?
 You talk of ribbons, gloves, and rings,
 And likewise gold and treasure;
 Oh, let me first enjoy those things,
 And then you shall have your pleasure.

Sure thy will shall be obey'd,
 Said I, my own dear honey;
 Then into her lap I laid
 Full forty pounds in money;
 We'll to the market-town this day,
 And straightway end this quarrel,
 And deck thee like a lady gay
 In flourishing rich apparel.

All my gold and silver there
 To her I did deliver;
 On the road we did repair,
 Out-coming to a river,
 Whose waters are both deep and wide,
 Such rivers I ne'er see many;
 She leapt her mare on the other side,
 And left me not one penny.

Then my heart was sunk full low,
 With grief and care surrounded,
 After her I could not go,
 For fear of being drowned.
 She turn'd about, and said, behold,
 I am not for your devotion;
 But, Sir, I thank you for my gold,
 'Twill serve to enlarge my portion.

I began to stamp and stare,
 To see what she had acted;
 With my hands I tore my hair,
 Like one that was quite distracted.

Give me my money, then I cry'd,
 Good faith, I did but lend it;
 But she full fast away did ride,
 And vow'd she did not intend it.

Song CI. I am a jovial cobbler, &c.

I AM a jovial cobbler bold and brave,
 And as for employment enough I have,
 For to keep jogging my hammer and awl,
 Whilst I sit singing and whistling in my stall,
 Stall, stall, whilst I sit singing and whistling in my stall.

But there's Dick the carman, and Hodge who drives the dray.
 For sixteen or eighteen pence a day,
 Slave in the dirt, whilst I with my awl
 Get more money fitting, fitting in my stall, &c.

And there's Tom the porter, companion of the pot,
 Who stands in the street with his rope and knot,
 Waiting at a corner to hear who will him call,
 Whilst I am getting money, money in my stall, &c.

And there's the jolly broom-man, his bread for to get,
 Crys brooms up and down in the open street;
 And one crys broken glasses, tho' ne'er so small,
 Whilst I am getting money, money in my stall, &c.

And there's another gang of poor smutty souls,
 Who trudge up and down to cry small-coals;
 With a sack on their back, at a door stand and call,
 Whilst I am getting money, money in my stall, &c.

And there's another crew with other sort of notes,
 Who cry up and down old suits and coats,
 And perhaps some days get nothing at all,
 Whilst I sit getting money, money in my stall, &c.

Give

And

And there's the jolly cooper with his hoops at his back,
 Who trudgeth up and down to see who lack
 Their casks to be made tight, with hoops great and small,
 Whilst I sit getting money, money in my stall, &c.

And there's a jolly tinker, that loves a bonny lass,
 Who trudges up and down to mend old bras,
 With his long smutty punch to force holes withal,
 Whilst I sit getting money, money in my stall, &c.

And there is another old Tom Terrah,
 Who up and down the city drives his barrow,
 To sell his fruit both great and small,
 Whilst I sit getting money, money in my stall, &c.

And there is the blind and lame, with a wooden leg,
 Who up and down the city they forced are to beg
 Some crumbs of comfort, the which are but small,
 Whilst I sit getting money, money in my stall, &c.

And there's a gang of wenches who oysters sell,
 And powder Moll too with her sweet smell,
 She trudges up and down with powder and ball,
 Whilst I sit getting money, money in my stall, &c.

And there's the jovial girls with their milking-pails,
 Who trudge up and down with their draggle-tails
 Flip-flapping at their heels, for custom they call,
 Whilst I sit getting money, money in my stall, &c.

'Tis these are the gang who take great pain,
 And it is those who do me maintain;
 But when it blows and rains I do pity them all,
 To see them trudge about, while I am in my stall, &c.

And there's many more who slave and toil
 Their living to get, but it is not worth while
 To mention them; so I'll sing in my stall,
 I am the happiest mortal, mortal of them all,
 All, all, I am the happiest mortal, mortal of them all.

Song

Song CII. *Flora's farewell ; or, Summer time ;
or, Love's tide.*

YOU beauteous ladies great and fittall,
I write unto you one and all,
Whereby that you may understand
What I have suffer'd in this land.

I was by birth a lady fair,
My father's chief and only heir,
But when my good old father dy'd,
Then I was made a young knight's bride:

And then my love built me a bower,
Bedeck'd with many a fragrant flower;
A braver bower you ne'er did see,
Than my true love did build for me.

But there came thieves late in the night;
They robb'd my bow'r, and slew my knight;
And after that my knight was slain,
I could no longer there remain.

My servants all from me did fly,
In the midst of my extremity,
And left me by my self alone,
With a heart more cold than any stone.

Yet tho' my heart was full of care,
Heav'n would not suffer me to despair;
Wherefore in haste I chang'd my name
From fair Elise to sweet William.

And therewithal I cut my hair,
And dress'd my self in man's attire;
My doublet, hose, and beaver hat,
And a golden band about my neck;

With a silver rapier by my side,
So like a gallant I did ride;
The thing that I delighted on,
It was to be a serving-man.

Thus in my sumptuous man's array,
I bravely rode along the way;
And at the last it chanced so,
That I to the king's court did go;

Then to the king I bow'd full low,
My love and duty for to show;
And so much favour I did crave,
That I a serving-man's place might have.

Stand up, brave youth, the king reply'd,
Thy service shall not be deny'd;
But tell me first what thou canst do,
Thou shalt be fitted thereunto.

Wilt thou be usher of my hall,
To wait upon my nobles all?
Or wilt thou be taster of my wine,
To wait on me when I do dine?

Or wilt thou be my chamberlain,
To make my bed both soft and fine?
Or wilt thou be one of my guard,
And I will give thee thy reward?

Sweet William, with a smiling face,
Said to the king, if't please your grace
To shew such favour unto me,
Your chamberlain I fain would be.

The king then did the nobles call
To ask the counsel of them all;
Who gave consent sweet William, he,
The king's own chamberlain should be.

Now mark what strange thing came to pass:
As the king one day a hunting was,
With all his lords and noble train,
Sweet William did at home remain.

Sweet William had no company then
With him at home, but an old man;
And when he saw the house was clear,
He took a lute which he had there;

Upon the lute sweet William play'd,
And to the same he sung and said,
With a sweet and noble voice,
Which made the old man to rejoice:

*My father was as brave a lord
As ever Europe did afford;
My mother was a lady bright,
My husband was a valiant knight;*

*And I myself a lady gay,
Bedeck'd with gorgeous rich array;
The bravest lady in the land
Had not more pleasure at command.*

*I had my musick every day,
Harmonious lessons for to play;
I had my virgins fair and free,
Continually to wait on me.*

*But now, alas! my husband's dead,
And all my friends are from me fled;
My former joys are past and gone,
For I am now a serving-man.*

At last the king from hunting came,
And presently upon the same
He called for this good old man,
And thus to speak the king began.

What news, what news, old man, quoth he,
 What news hast thou to tell to me?
 Brave news, the old man he did say,
 Sweet William is a lady gay.

If this be true thou tell'st to me,
 I'll make thee a lord of high degree;
 But if thy words do prove a lye,
 Thou shalt be hang'd up presently.

But when the king the truth had found,
 His joys did more and more abound:
 According as the old man did say,
 Sweet William was a lady gay.

Therefore the king without delay
 Put on her glorious rich array;
 And upon her head a crown of gold,
 Which was most famous to behold.

And then for fear of further strife,
 He took sweet William for his wife:
 The like before was never seen,
 A serving-man to be a queen.

Song CIII. Within an arbour of delight, &c.

Within an arbour of delight,
 As sweet as bow'rs Elysian,
 Where famous Sidney us'd to write,
 I lately had a vision;
 Methought beneath a golden state,
 The turns of chance obeying,
 Six of the world's most noted great
 At piquette were a playing.

The first two were the brave Eugene,
 With Vendosme battle waging,
 The next a nymph, who to be queen,
 Her Monsieur was engaging:

The Fleur-de-lis, old Maintenon,
With sanctify'd Carero ;
And next above the scarlet don,
Queen Anne and Gallick Nero.

The game between the martial braves
Was held in different cases,
The Frenchman got quatorze of knaves,
But prince Eugene four aces :
And tho' the other's eldest hand
Gave hopes to make a jest on't,
Yet now the point who soonest gain'd,
Could only get the best on't.

From them I turn'd mine eyes to see
The churchman and the lady,
And found her pleas'd to high degree,
Her fortune had been steady ;
The saints that cramm'd the Spanish purse,
She hop'd would all oblige her,
For he had but a little tierce,
When she produc'd quint-major.

But now betwixt the king and queen
An empire was depending,
Within whose mighty game was seen
The art of state-contending :
The Monsieur had three kings to win't,
And was o'er Europe roaming ;
But her full point, quatorze, and quint,
Won all, and left him foaming.

Song CIV. *Rogero, &c.*

NOW ponder well, you parents dear,
These words which I shall write,
A doleful story you shall hear,
In time brought forth to light.

A gentle-

A gentleman of good account
 In Norfolk dwelt of late,
 Who did in honour far surmount
 Most men of his estate.

Sore sick he was, and like to die,
 No help his life could save ;
 His wife by him as sick did lie,
 And both possess'd one grave :
 No love between these two was lost,
 Each was to other kind,
 In love they liv'd, in love they dy'd,
 And left two babes behind :

The one a fine and pretty boy,
 Not passing three years old,
 The other a girl more young than he,
 And fram'd in beauty's mould.
 The father left his little son,
 As plainly doth appear,
 When he to perfect age should come,
 Three hundred pounds a year ;

And to his little daughter Jane,
 Five hundred pounds in gold,
 To be paid down on marriage-day,
 Which might not be controul'd :
 But if the children chanc'd to die,
 E'er they to age should come,
 Their uncle should possess their wealth,
 For so the will did run.

Now, brother, said the dying man,
 Look to my children dear ;
 Be good unto my boy and girl,
 No friends else I have here :
 To God and you I recommend
 My children night and day,
 But little while before we have
 Within this world to stay.

You

You must be father and mother both,
And uncle all in one;
God knows what will become of them
When I am dead and gone.
With that bespoke their mother dear:
O brother kind, quoth she,
You are the man must bring our babes
To wealth or misery:

If you do keep them carefully,
Then God will you reward;
But if you otherwise should deal,
God will your deeds regard.
With lips as cold as any stone,
He kiss'd the children small,
God bless you both, my children dear;
With that the tears did fall.

These speeches then their brother spoke
To this sick couple there,
The keeping of your children dear,
Sweet sister, do not fear;
God never prosper me nor mine,
Nor aught else that I have,
If I do wrong your children dear,
When you are laid in grave.

The parents being dead and gone,
The children home he takes,
And brings them strait unto his house,
Where much of them he makes.
He had not kept these pretty babes
A twelve-month and a day,
But for their wealth he did devise,
To make them both away.

He bargain'd with two ruffians strong,
Which were of furious mood,
That they should take the children young,
And slay them in a wood:

And

And told his wife, and all he had,
He did the children send
To be brought up in fair London,
With one that was his friend.

Away then went these pretty babes;
Rejoycing at that tide,
Rejoycing with a merry mind;
They should on cock-horse ride:
They prate and prattle pleasantly,
As they rode on the way,
To those that should their butchers be;
And work their lives decay.

So that the pretty speech they had,
Made murtherers hearts relent,
And they that undertook the deed,
Full sore did now repent.
Yet one of them more hard of heart,
Did vow to do his charge,
Because the wretch that hired him
Had paid him very large.

The other won't agree thereto,
So here they fell to strife,
With one another they did fight
About the childrens life;
And he that was of mildest mood
Did slay the other there,
Within an unfrequented wood,
Where babes did quake for fear.

He took the children by the hand,
When tears stood in their eye,
And bad them straightway follow him;
And look they did not cry:
And two long miles he led them thus,
While they for bread complain,
Stay here, quoth he, I'll bring ye bread,
When I do come again.

'These pretty babes, [with hand in hand,
Went wand'ring up and down,
But never more did see the man
Approaching from the town :
Their pretty lips with black-berries
Were all besmear'd and dy'd,
And when they saw the darksome night,
They sat them down and cry'd.

Thus wander'd these two pretty babes,
Till death did end their grief,
In one another's arms they dy'd,
As babes wanting relief :
No burial these pretty babes
Of any man receives,
Till Robin-red-breast painfully
Did cover them with leaves.

And now the heavy wrath of God
Upon their uncle fell ;
Yea, fearful fiends did haunt his house,
His conscience felt an hell :
His barns were fir'd, his goods consum'd,
His lands were barren made,
His cattle dy'd within the field,
And nothing with him staid.

And in the voyage of Portugal
Two of his sons did die ;
And to conclude, himself was brought
Unto much misery :
He pawn'd and mortgag'd all his land,
E'er seven years came about ;
And now at length this wicked act
Did by this means come out.

The fellow that did take in hand
These children for to kill,
Was for a robb'ry judg'd to die,
As was God's blessed will :

Who did confess the very truth,
 The which is here express'd;
 Their uncle dy'd, while he for debt
 Did long in prison rest.

You that executors be made,
 And overseers eke,
 Of children that be fatherless,
 And infants mild and meek,
 Take you example by this thing,
 And yield to each his right,
 Lest God with such like misery
 Your wicked minds requite.

Song CV. *Europa fair, &c.*

EUropa fair,
 Love's chiefest care,
 Gaily smiling, hither turn your eyes;
 To court your love,
 See mighty Jove
 Thus descending from the lofty skies:
 Shew no disdain
 To give me pain,
 But yield to joy
 That ne'er will cloy,
 And wisely of my fond passion approve,
 And cool the scorching thunderbolt of love.
 Thus, earthly fair,
 When mortals dare
 Provoke my rage,
 You may assuage;
 When in your arms I'm closely curl'd,
 Kissing, pressing, you will save the world.



Song CVI. *Believe my sighs, my tears, my dear.*

I Grant, a thousand oaths I swore,
 I none would love but you :
 But not to change would wrong me more,
 Than breaking them can do.
 Yet you thereby a truth will learn,
 Of much more worth than I ;
 Which is, That lovers which do swear,
 Do also use to lye.

Chloris does now possess that heart
 Which to you did belong :
 But, though thereof she brags a-while,
 She shall not do so long.
 She thinks, by being fair and kind,
 To hinder my remove,
 And ne'er so much as dreams that change,
 Above both those, I love.

Then grieve not any more, nor think
 My change is a disgrace :
 For though it robs you of one slave,
 It leaves another place :
 Which your bright eyes will soon subdue
 With him does them first see :
 For if they could not conquer more,
 They ne'er had conquer'd me.

Song CVII. *Oh ! my treasure !*

O H ! my treasure !
 Crown my pleasure,
 Let this be the happy night :
 Bless, Oh ! bless me,
 Kindly press me,
 Let me die with dear delight,
 With dear delight.

Leave this trembling,
 And dissembling,
 Lay aside all female art;
 Love's soft pleasure,
 Beyond measure,
 Will atone for all its smart,
 For all its smart.

Song CVIII. From native stalk, &c.

FROM native stalk the province rose
 I pluckt with green attire,
 But oh! upon its graces hung
 A flatus to desire.
 A vile, destroying, preying worm,
 Who shelter'd in the leaf,
 Had robb'd me of the pristine joy,
 And prov'd the lucky thief.
 So beauteous nymphs too oft are found
 The vilest man to trust;
 While constant lovers plead in vain,
 And die for being just.

Song CIX. Of all comforts I mis-carried.

OF all states in life so various,
 Marriage sure is most precarious;
 'Tis a maze so strangely winding,
 Still we are new mazes finding:
 'Tis an action so severe,
 That nought but death can set us clear.
 Happy's the man from wedlock free,
 Who knows to prize his liberty.
 Were men wary,
 How they marry,
 We should not be by half so full of misery.

Song CX. *Despairing beside a clear stream.*

ON the bank of a river so deep,
 Whose waters glide silently on,
 Sad Rosalind sat down to weep,
 For Damon, her lover, was gone :
 The fairest and faithfullest she,
 Of all that tripp'd over the plains ;
 But alas ! the most fickle was he,
 Among all the shepherds and swains.

Down each cheek ran her tears in a stream :
 All his vows are forgotten ! she cries,
 Regarded no more than a dream,
 Though for him his fond shepherdess dies :
 He's gone, the false creature is gone,
 To deceive some fresh nymph of the plain,
 Whose fate will, like mine, be to moan
 The loss of a perjured swain.

Beware, you bright maidens, beware,
 If my treacherous shepherd you meet,
 For alas ! he's bewitchingly fair ;
 When he speaks, there's no musick so sweet :
 As the spring he is blooming and gay,
 As the summer delightful and kind ;
 But believe not one word he can say,
 For he's false as the wavering wind.

Foolish maid ! whilst I thought he was true,
 I sent up no look to the skies ;
 All the sunshine or gloom that I knew,
 Was the gloom or the shine of his eyes.
 He alone was my joy and my care,
 I wish'd for no heaven above ;
 No sorrow, no pain could I fear,
 No hell, but the loss of his love.

How fondly endearing was he,
 Till I granted whate'er he desir'd!
 But, you virgins, take warning by me,
 For his flame from that moment expir'd.
 Now I ne'er shall embrace him again,
 He, ungrateful, is flown from my arms,
 Far away, o'er the flowery plain,
 And despises these sullied charms.

Sure the gods have some vengeance in store,
 For the breach of those vows which he made,
 Though by him they're remember'd no more
 Than the wretch who by them was betray'd.
 But forgive him, ye powers above,
 Though he's false, bring no harm on his head :
 But crown him with beauty and love,
 Long after poor Rosalind's dead.

Thus she mourn'd ; what a scene all around !
 The birds flag their wings at her sighs,
 The valleys her sorrows resound,
 And the stream shews her blubbered eyes :
 All nature takes part in her woe,
 A black cloud o'er the heaven is spread,
 The winds have forgotten to blow,
 And the willows bend over her head.

Song XI. Of all the girls that are so smart.

OF all the girls that e'er were seen,
 There's none so fine as Nelly,
 For charming face, and shape and mien,
 And what's not fit to tell ye :
 Oh the turn'd neck, and smooth white skin
 Of lovely, dearest Nelly !
 For many a swain it well had been,
 Had she ne'er pass'd by Calai'.

For when as Nelly came to France,
(Invited by her Cousins)

Across the Tuilleries each glance
Kill'd Frenchmen by whole dozens :

The king, as he at dinner sat,
Did beckon to his Hussar,
And bid him bring his tabby-cat,
For charming Nell to buss her.

The ladies were with rage provok'd
To see her so respected ;
The men look'd arch, as Nelly stroak'd,
And puss her tail erected :

But not a man did look employ,
Except on pretty Nelly ;
Then said the duke de Villeroy,
Ah! qu'elle est bien jolie !

But who's that grave philosopher,
That carefully looks at her ?
By his concern, it should appear,
The fair-one is his daughter.
Ma'foy ! (quoth then a courtier fly)
He on his child doth leer too :
I wish he has no mind to try,
What some papa's will here do.

The courtiers all with one accord,
Broke out in Nelly's praises,
Admir'd her Rose, and Lys sans Farde,
(Which are your terms Francoises.)
Then might ye see a painted ring
Of dames that stood by Nelly ;
She like the pride of all the spring,
And they like Fleurs de Palais.

In Marli Gardens, and St. Clou,
I saw this charming Nelly ;
Where shameless nymphs expos'd to view,
Stand naked in eachallee :

But

But Venus had a brazen face,
Both at Versailles and Meudon,
Or else she had resign'd her place,
And left the stone she stood on.

Were Nelly's figure mounted there,
'I would put down all th' Italian :
Lord ! how those foreigners would stare !
But I should turn Pygmalion.
For spite of lips, and eyes, and mien,
Me nothing can delight so,
As does that part that lies between
Her left toe and her right toe.

Song CXII. *From grave lessons, &c.*

FROM grave lessons and restraint,
I'm stole out to revel here ;
Yet I tremble and pant,
In the middle of the fair.

Oh ! wou'd fortune in my way
Throw a lover kind and gay,
Now's the time he soon may move
A young heart unus'd to love.

Shall I venture ? no, no, no ;
Shall I from the danger go ?
Oh ! no, no, no, no, no ;
I must not try, I cannot fly.

Help me, nature, help me art,
Why should I deny my heart ?
If a lover will pursue,
Like the wisest let me do,
I will fit him if he's true,
If he's false I'll fit him too.

Song CXIII. *Vain Belinda.*

P OOR Damon, full of am'rous smart,
To Sylvia open'd all his heart;
Whilst she repaid his tender awe,
With forc'd neglect, and ha, ha, ha,
With forc'd, &c.

Provok'd by her insulting scorn,
He lets her languish in her turn:
'Till she's reduc'd to such a pass,
Her note is chang'd into, alas!
Her note, &c.

Young maids, take warning by her fate,
Nor keep your kindness till too late;
To love, and honour, and obey,
Be wise, and answer, ay, ay, ay,
Be wise, &c.

Should custom make us false to truth,
Belye our hearts, perplex the youth,
And use a lover like a foe?
No, surely, in my conscience, no.
No, surely, in my conscience, no.

Song CXIV. *Slow men of London.*

T H E R E were three lads in our town,
Slow men of London!
They courted a widow was bonny and brown,
And yet they left her undone.

'They went to work without their tools,
Slow men of London!
The widow she sent them away like fools,
Because they left her undone.

They often tasted this widow's chear;
 Slow men of London!
 But yet the widow was never the near,
 For still they left her undone.

Blow, ye winds; and come down, rain:
 Slow men of London!
 They never shall woo this widow again,
 Because they left her undone.

Song CXV. *When the bright god of day.*

MY masters, give ear,
 And a story you'll hear,
 Of a fine raree-show, and a garter;
 Ne'er was seen such a fight,
 Since Tom Thumb was a knight,
 In the days of our noble king Arthur.

When king George was abroad,
 'Twas a season thought good,
 To shew us king Robin in glory;
 With his squires in a row,
 And his knights two by two,
 All as gallant as Sir John Dory.

Ev'n baronet's here,
 Humble squires did appear,
 And members were proud of the station;
 And who would not be still
 For the civil-list bill,
 To have a place in a sham coronation?

They all walk'd, for their prince
 Did with riding dispense,
 And with bathing a troublesome rite—a;
 'Cause he knew 'twas in vain,
 They cou'd ne'er be wash'd clean,
 Any more than a Black-a-more white—a.

In the Abbey that day,
Men did all things but pray :
There was ale, wine and gin for the rabble,
Such doings unclean
In a church, ne'er were seen,
Since the days that old Paul's was a stable,

In the isles, if you please,
You your bodies might ease,
By the suffering, at least, of your betters.
O Stanhope! hadst thou
Been alive but till now,
To have seen a jakes made of St. Peter's !

An odd way they all took,
'Thro' a blind crooked nook
In the church, for their robes to be seen—a ;
But then scaffolds had they,
To direct them the way,
Where they seldom or never had been—a.

After this, they all took
An odd oath with the book,
In the days of old popery known—a ;
To be true all their lives,
To all women, but wives,
To all ladies, excepting their own—a.

Which oath, if they broke,
Then their sovereign's cook
Was to hack off the spurs of each Don—a ;
But 'twas much if he cou'd,
For his eyes must be good,
To discern that they had any on—a.

Then this being being done,
To their dinner they run,
With stomachs so sharp, and so keen—a ;
Without grace they fall to,
As they used to do,
Ne'er minding their chaplain, the dean—a.

To the closing of all,
 They at night had a ball,
 Where their damsels were drest to receive 'em :
 What farther was done,
 Will be better unknown ;
 For 'tis decent that here we should leave 'em.

Song CXVI. *Greenwood tree.*

NOT Eden's garden did disdain
 That pleasing passion love ;
 Where free from guilt, and ev'ry pain,
 Adam did gayly rove.
 Not tides of furies raging fires,
 That follow a wanton chase,
 Meer vapours rais'd by hot desires,
 That vanish with disgrace.

How guiltless may I meet the flame
 Of Cynthia's purer breast,
 Whilst friendship makes us still the same,
 With ev'ry virtue drest !
 Her mind at first a conquest made,
 Her graceful mind I must approve ;
 Her wisdom chearful still appear'd,
 And justify'd my love.

Trust not to features, fleeting charms,
 Nor hug a painted toy ;
 Those age or sickness soon disarms,
 Warm air will this destroy.
 Let tender passions take their turn,
 And virtue lead the way ;
 Where minds are match'd, they seldom mourn,
 Nor curse the marriage-day.

Song CXVII. *Believe my sighs, my tears, my dear.*

MY days have been so wond'rous free,
The little birds that fly,
With careless ease, from tree to tree,
Were scarce so blest as I.
Ask gliding waters, if a tear
Of mine encreas'd their stream;
Or ask the flying gales, if e'er
I lent a sigh to them.

But now my former days retire,
And I'm by beauty caught;
The tender chains of sweet desire
Are fix'd upon my thought.
An eager hope within my breast,
Does every doubt controul,
And charming Nancy stands confess
The fav'rite of my soul.

Ye nightingales, ye twisting pines,
Ye swains that haunt the grove;
Ye gentle echoes, breezy winds,
Ye close retreats of love;
With all of nature, all of art,
Assist the dear design;
O teach a young unpractis'd heart,
To make her ever mine.

The very thought of change I hate,
As much as of despair;
And hardly covet to be great,
Unless it be for her:
'Tis true, the passion in my mind
Is mix'd with soft distress;
Yet while the fair I love is kind,
I cannot wish it less.

Song CXVIII. *Non e si vago.*

I Come, my fairest treasure,
 To seize the blessing;
 With thee is ev'ry pleasure
 Beyond expressing.
 The spring, when flow'rs are blooming,
 And ev'ry sweet perfuming,
 Your bloom surpasses.

Song CXIX. *Maidens, beware ye, &c.*

Maidens, beware ye,
 Love will ensnare ye,
 If you but look, or lend an ear:
 Words will detain ye,
 Sighs will trapan ye,
 Tears will draw you into the snare;
 Then, in time, beware.

Daily you'll find it,
 If you'll but mind it,
 How many maids false men betray:
 Let this concern ye,
 Let their fall learn ye
 From the danger to run away,
 Run, run, run away.

Let virtue guard ye,
 Praise will reward ye,
 And you will shine in brightest fame;
 When the poor creature,
 That yields her charter,
 Lives abandon'd, and dies with shame,
 To bear such a name.

Song CXX. *No longer I'll bear, &c.*

NO longer I'll bear,
 In the heart of the fair,
 A rival thus happy to reign;
 While I in despair,
 Tormented with care,
 For ever must sigh and complain:

Assist me, Lachesis,
 Assist me, Nemesis,
 Ye Furies, ye Destinies, aid;
 Their union divide,
 And vanquish the pride
 Of this charming, this obstinate maid.

Song CXXI. *Believe my sighs, my tears, &c.*

I Love, I doat, I rave with pain,
 No quiet's in my mind,
 'Tho' ne'er could be a happier swain,
 Were Sylvia less unkind:
 For when (as long her chains I've worn)
 I ask relief from smart,
 She only gives me looks of scorn;
 Alas! 'twill break my heart.

My rivals, rich in worldly store,
 May offer heaps of gold;
 But surely I a heaven adore,
 Too precious to be sold.
 Can Sylvia such a coxcomb prize
 For wealth, and not desert,
 And my poor sighs and tears despise?
 Alas! 'twill break my heart.

When

When like some panting, hov'ring dove,
I for my bliss contend,
And plead the cause of eager love,
She coldly calls me friend.
Ah, Sylvia, thus in vain you strive
To act a healer's part!
'Twill keep but ling'ring pain alive,
Alas! and break my heart.

When on my lonely, pensive bed,
I lay me down to rest,
In hopes to calm my raging head,
And cool my burning breast,
Her cruelty all ease denies;
With some sad dream I start,
All drown'd in tears, I find my eyes,
And breaking feel my heart.

Then rising, thro' the path I rove,
That leads me where she dwells,
Where to the senseless waves my love
Its mournful story tells:
With sighs I dew and kiss the door,
Till morning bids depart,
Then vent ten thousand sighs, and more;
Alas! 'twill break my heart.

But, Sylvia, when this conquest's won,
And I am dead and cold,
Renounce the cruel deed you've done,
Nor glory when 'tis told;
For ev'ry lovely gen'rous maid
Will take my injur'd part,
And curse thee, Sylvia, I'm afraid,
For breaking my poor heart.



Song CXXII. *Go, vind the vicar, &c.*

GO, vind the vicar of Taunton-Dean,
 And he'll tell you the banns were asked ;
 A good vat cäpon he had vor's pains,
 And I zent it home in a basket :
 And a Friday night I was, by right,
 To have prov'd if she were a maiden ;
 And now she is run with a soldier to town :
 Heydledom, deydledom, cudden ;
 Heydon, dudden, cudden, Tom :
 Sing heydledom, deydledom, cudden.

My mother she zold her blue game-cock,
 And a dainty brood of chicken ;
 Then bought herself a canvass smock,
 And rack'd it up in the kitchen ;
 And she bought me a cambrick band,
 With a bumkin pair of breeches,
 Not thinking but Joan
 Would have made me her own :
 But i' faith she'd have none of those vetches.
 Heydon, dudden, cudden, Tom :
 Sing heydledom, heydledom, cudden.

I'll take a hatchet and hang my zell,
 Before I'll endure these losses ;
 Or else a rope in a dolesome well,
 For I never can bear these crosses :
 Or I will go to some beacon high,
 For i' vaith I am welly woden,
 And throw my zelf down, her kindness to try.
 Heydledom, heydledom, &c.

If she can think 'tis a better trade,
 This shooting of guns, and slashing ;
 She'll find herself but a simple jade,
 For there's more to be got by threshing :

I ne'er shall beg without a leg,
 Nor occasion have vor a wooden ;
 Nor cripple become
 By vollowing a drum.
 Heydledom, deydledom, cudden,
 Heydon, dudden, cudden, Tom :
 Sing heydledom, deydledom, cudden.

Song CXXIII. *The terrible law, &c.*

THE terrible law,
 When it fastens its paw
 On a poor man, it gripes till he's undone ;
 And what I am doing
 May turn to my ruin,
 Though rich as the Lord May'r of London.

Therefore I'll be wary
 What message I carry,
 Unless we first make a zure bargain ;
 I will be 'dempnify'd,
 Thoroughly zatisfy'd,
 That ch'am shan't suffer a varding.

Song CXXIV. *Bacchus one day gayly, &c.*

THus we'll drown all melancholy
 In a glafs of gen'rous wine ;
 Let dull fools indulge their folly,
 And at cares of life repine :
 But the brave and noble spirit
 Scorns such mean ignoble views ;
 Whilst the world proclaims his merit,
 He sublimer joys pursues.



Song CXXV. *Mad Tom.*

FORTH from my dark and dismal cell,
 Or from the deep abyſs of hell,
 Mad Tom is come to view the world again,
 To ſee if he can cure his diſtemper'd brain.

Fears and cares oppreſs my ſoul;
 Hark! how the angry furies howl!
 Pluto laughs, and Proſerpine is glad,
 To ſee poor naked Tom of Bedlam mad.

Through the world I wander night and day,
 To find my ſtraggl'ing ſenſes.
 In an angry mood I met old Time,
 With his pentateuch of tenſes:
 When me he ſpies, away he flies,
 For Time will ſtay for no man;
 In vain with cries I rend the ſkies,
 For pity is not common.

Cold and comfortleſs I be,
 Help, help, or elſe I die!
 Hark! I hear Apollo's team,
 The carman 'gins to whistle;
 Chaste Diana bends her bow,
 And the boar begins to bristle.

Come, Vulcan, with tools and with tackle;
 And knock off my troubleſome ſhackle;
 Bid Charles make ready his wain,
 To bring me my ſenſes again.

Laſt night I heard the Dog-ſtar bark,
 Mars met Venus in the dark;
 Limping Vulcan heat an iron-bar,
 And furiously made at the god of war;

Mars with his weapon laid about,
 Limping Vulcan had got the gout;
 His broad horns did so hang in his light,
 That he could not see to aim his blows aright.

Mercury, the nimble post of heaven,
 Stood still to see the quarrel;
 Gorrel-belly'd Bacchus, giant-like,
 Beltrid a strong-beer barrel;
 To me he drank whole buts,
 Until he burst his guts,
 But mine were ne'er the wider.
 Poor Tom is very dry,
 A little drink, for charity.

Hark! I hear Ateon's hounds,
 The huntsmen whoop and halloo;
 Ringwood, Rockwood, Jowler, Bowman,
 All the chase do follow.

The man in the moon drinks claret,
 Eats powder'd beef, turnip, and carrot;
 But a cup of Malaga sack
 Will fire the bush at his back.

Song CXXVI. *O Bessy Bell, and Mary Gray.*

Peggy. **M**Y Jockey blith, for what thou'st done,
 There is nae help nor mending;
 For thou hast jogg'd me out of tune,
 For a' thy fair pretending:
 My mother sees a change in me,
 For my complexion dashes;
 And this, alas! has been with thee
 Sae late amang the rashes.

Jockey.

Jockey. My Peggy, what I've said, I'll do,
 To free thee frae her scouling;
 Come then, and let us buckle to,
 Nae longer let's be fooling;
 For her content, I'll instant wed,
 Since thy complexion dashes;
 And then we'll try a feather-bed,
 'Tis faster than the rashes.

Peggy. Then, Jockey, since thy love's fae true,
 Let mither scoul, I'm easy;
 Sae lang's I live, I ne'er shall rue
 For what I've done to please thee;
 And there's my hand, I'll ne'er complain;
 O! well's me on the rashes;
 When e'er thou likest, Ise do't again,
 And a feg for a' their clashes.

Song CXXVII. *Thus Kitty, beautiful, &c.*

THUS Kitty, beautiful and young,
 And wild as colt untam'd,
 Bespoke the fair from whom she sprung,
 With little rage inflam'd;

Inflam'd with rage at sad restraint,
 Which wise mamma ordain'd;
 And sorely vex'd to play the saint,
 Whilst wit and beauty reign'd.

Shall I thumb holy books, confin'd,
 With Abigails forsaken?
 Kitty's for other things design'd,
 Or I am much mistaken.

Must Lady Jenny frisk about,
 And visit with her cousins?
 At balls must she make all the rout,
 And bring home hearts by dozens?

What

What has she better, pray, than I?
 What hidden charms to boast?
 That all Mankind for her should die,
 Whilst I am scarce a toast.

Dearest mamma, for once let me,
 Unchain'd, my fortune try;
 I'll have my earl, as well as she,
 Or know the reason why.

I'll soon with Jenny's pride quit score,
 Make all her lovers fall:
 They'll grieve I was not loos'd before;
 She, I was loos'd at all.

Fondness prevail'd, mamma gave way,
 Kitty, at heart's desire,
 Obtain'd the chariot for a day,
 And set the world on fire.

Song CXXVIII. *Fill all the glasses, &c.*

FILL all the glasses, fill 'em high,
 Drink, drink, and defy all power but love:
 Wine gives the slave his liberty;
 But love makes a slave of thund'ring Jove.
 Drink, drink away,
 Make a night of the day,
 'Tis nectar, 'tis liquor divine;
 The pleasures of life,
 Free from anguish and strife,
 Are owing to love and good wine.



Song CXXIX. *In Kent so fam'd of old.*

IN Kent so fam'd of old,
 Near by the pleasant Knold,
 A swain a goddes told
 An am'rous story ;
 Saying, in these jarring days,
 When kings contend for bays,
 Your love my soul does raise
 Above its glory.

My life, my lovely dear,
 Whilst you are smiling here,
 The plants and flow'rs appear
 Most sweetly charming ;
 The sun may cease to shine,
 And all its pow'rs resign,
 Your eyes dart rays divine,
 All nature warming.

Then leaning on her breast,
 He clasp'd her lovely waist,
 With words endearing prest,
 No thought of harming ;
 At which the blushing maid
 Thus, sighing, to him said,
 My foolish heart's betray'd
 By words so charming.

Near by there was a grove;
 A proper place for love,
 To which this couple move,
 Alike desiring ;
 She fell into his arms,
 And said, take all my charms;
 Love beats his last alarms,
 I'm just expiring.

Song CXXX. *Phillis, as her wine she sip'd in.*

PHILLIS, as her wine she sip'd in,
 Gayly talking with her twain,
 Into her hand he slyly slip'd in,
 Tal, lal, lal, lal,

A full glass of brisk Champagne.

Why so coy, said he, and fickle?

Must I always sigh in vain?

Must I never hope to tickle,

Tal, lal, &c.

Your ear with a merry strain?

Long have I been tofs'd and fretting,

Like a sailor on the main;

Sure, at length 'tis time to get in,

Tal, lal, &c.

To the port I hope to gain.

Hearts you take delight in stealing,

Of new conquests still are vain;

Torture others, whilst I'm feeling,

Tal, lal, &c.

Pleasure that is void of pain.

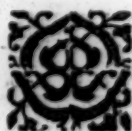
Won at length, she list'ned kindly,

And from love could not refrain;

So in the nick the nymph was finely

Tal, lal, &c.

Fitted for her cold disdain.



Song CXXXI. *As Celia near a fountain lay.*

MY heart has play'd me flip to-day,
 An't strangely fills my head,
 That, as 'tis us'd to run away,
 'Tis to Belinda fled:

Yes, he is fled; my wand'rer,
 Of beauty's fort possess'd,
 Perhaps now chides my idle care,
 From her relenting breast.

But what if I in charge shou'd give
 Her, not to entertain,
 But rate my wanton fugitive,
 And send him home again?

Would she her captive thus forego,
 And loose my little sinner;
 And not expect a kiss or two
 To so much grace should win her?

But then if she myself should loose,
 And there is room to fear;
 To stay or go is hard to chuse:
 Venus, your counsel here.

Song CXXXII. *Wast me, some soft and
 cooling breeze.*

IN storms, when clouds the moon does hide,
 And no kind stars the pilot guide,
 Shew me at sea the boldest there,
 Who does not wish for quiet here.

For quiet (friend) the soldier fights
Bears weary marches, sleepless nights ;
For this feeds hard, and lodges cold,
Which can't be bought with hills of gold.

Since wealth and pow'r too weak we find,
To quell the tumults of the mind ;
Or from the monarch's roofs of state,
Drive thence the cares that round him wait :

Happy the man with little blest,
Of what his father left possess'd ;
No base desires corrupt his head,
No fears disturb him in his bed.

What then in life, which soon must end,
Can all our vain designs intend ?
From shore to shore why should we run,
When none his tiresome self can shun ?

For baneful care will still prevail,
And overtake us under fail ;
'Twill dodge the great man's train behind,
Out-run the roe, out-fly the wind.

If then thy soul rejoice to-day,
Drive far to-morrow's cares away ;
In laughter let them all be drown'd ;
No perfect good is to be found.

One mortal feels fate's sudden blow,
Another's ling'ring death comes slow ;
And what of life they take from thee,
The gods may give to punish me.

Thy portion is a wealthy stock,
A fertile glebe, a fruitful flock,
Horses and chariots for thy ease,
Rich robes to deck and make thee please :

For me a little cell I chuse,
Fit for my mind, fit for my muse;
Which soft content does best adorn,
Shunning the knaves and fools I scorn.

Song CXXXIII. *From fifteen years, &c.*

FROM fifteen years fair Chloe with'd,
She dreamt and sigh'd in vain;
And hardly knew her virgin thoughts
Were hankering after man.

'Twas long before the harmless maid
Guess'd whence her passion grew,
But when she had herself survey'd,
The secret cause she knew.

To Jove she thus herself address'd,
And humbly begg'd his aid;
He kindly lent a list'ning ear,
While thus the prostrate said:

Grant me, great Jove, a husband rich,
Gay, vig'rous, kind, and young,
A churchman hot, a tory true,
And to his party strong.

A grudge the god bore to the maid,
He therefore thus did grant;
Be match'd, for life, to an old whig
Of merit and of want.

Enrag'd, the nymph to Venus fled,
Who eas'd the devotee,
And yolk'd her to a jolly swain,
From want and party free.

Song CXXXIV. *Grim king of the ghosts, &c.*

GRim king of the ghosts, make haste,
And bring hither all your train;
See now the pale moon does waste,
And just now is in the wain:
Come, ye night-hags, with your charms,
And revelling witches, away,
And hug me close in your arms,
To you my respects I'll pay.

I'll court you and think you fair,
Since love does distract my brain;
I'll go, and I'll wed the night-mare,
And kiss her, and kiss her again:
But if she prove peevish and proud,
A pize on her love, let her go;
I'll seek me a winding-shroud,
And down to the shades below.

A lunacy I endure,
Since reason departs away;
I call to those hags for cure,
As knowing not what I say.
The beauty whom I adore,
Now flights me with scorn and disdain,
I never shall see her more,
Ah! how shall I bear my pain?

I ramble and range about,
To find out my charming faint,
While she at my grief does flout,
And laughs at my loud complaint:
Distraction, I see, is my doom,
Of this I am too too sure;
A rival is got in my room,
While torments I endure.

Strange fancies do run in my head,
While wand'ring in despair,
I am to the desert led,
Expecting to find her there.
Methinks, in a spangled cloud,
I see her enthron'd on high;
Then to her I cry'd aloud,
And labour to reach the sky.

When thus I have rav'd a-while,
And weary'd myself in vain,
I lie on the barren soil,
And bitterly do complain;
Till slumber hath quieted me,
In sorrow I sigh and weep,
The clouds are my canopy,
To cover me while I sleep.

I dream, that my charming fair
Is then in my rival's bed,
Whose tresses of golden hair
Are on the fair pillow spread;
Then this does my passion inflame,
I start, and no longer can lie;
Ah! Sylvia, art thou not to blame,
To ruin a lover? I cry.

Grim king of the ghosts, be true,
And hurry me hence away,
My languishing life to you
A tribute I freely pay:
To the Elysian shades I post,
In hopes to be freed from care,
Where many a bleeding ghost
Is hov'ring in the air.



Song CXXXV. Leave off this idle prating.

HOW blest are beggar-lasses,
Who never toil for treasure !
We know no care, but how to share
Each day's successive pleasure.
Drink away, let's be gay,
Beggars still with bliss abound ;
Mirth and joy ne'er can cloy,
Whilst the sparkling glass goes round.

A fig for gaudy fashions,
No want of clothes oppresses ;
We live at ease with rags and fleas ;
We value not our dresses.
Drink away, &c.

We scorn all ladies washes,
With which they spoil each feature :
No patch or paint our beauties taint,
We live in simple nature.
Drink away, &c.

No cholick, spleen, or vapours,
At morn or ev'ning tease us ;
We drink no tea, nor ratafee ;
When sick a dram can ease us.
Drink away, &c.

What ladies act in private,
By nature's soft compliance,
We think no crime, when in our prime,
To kiss without a licence.
Drink away, &c,

We know no shame or scandal,
The beggars law befriends us;
We all agree in liberty,
And poverty defends us.
Drink away, &c.

Like jolly beggar-wenches,
Thus, thus, we drown all sorrow :
We live to-day, and ne'er delay
Our pleasure till to-morrow.
Drink away, &c.

Song CXXXVI. *Poor Damon knock'd, &c.*

P OOR Damon knock'd at Celia's door,
He sigh'd and beg'd, and wept and swore;
The sign was so :
She answer'd, No,
No, no, no, Damon, no.

Again he sigh'd, again he pray'd ;
No, Damon, no, I am afraid ;
Consider, Damon, I'm a maid,
Consider ; no,
I am a maid,
No, &c.

At last his sighs and tears made way ;
She rose, and softly turn'd the key :
Come in, said she, but do not stay ;
I may conclude,
You will be rude,
But if you will, you may.

Song CXXXVII *Little Syren of the stage, &c.*

L ittle Syren of the stage,
Charmer of an idle age,
Empty warbler, breathing lyre,
Wanton gale of fond desire,

Bane of every manly art,
 Sweet enfeebler of the heart ;
 O too pleasing is thy strain !
 Hence to southern climes again ;
 Tuneful mischief, vocal spell,
 To this island bid farewell ;
 Leave us as we ought to be,
 Leave the Britons rough and free.

Song CXXXVIII. *When Fanny, blooming fair.*

LET bold ambition lie
 Within the warrior's mind,
 False honours let him buy
 With slaughter of mankind ;
 To crowns a doubtful right,
 Lay thousands in their grave,
 While wretched armies fight
 Which master shall enslave.

Love took my heart with storm,
 Let him rule there alone,
 In Charlotte's charming form,
 Still sitting on his throne :
 How will my soul rejoice
 At his commands to fly,
 If spoken in that voice,
 Or look'd from that dear eye !

To universal sway,
 Love's title is the best,
 Well shall we him obey,
 Who makes his subjects blest.
 If Heav'n for human good
 Did empire first design,
 Love must be understood
 To rule by right divine.

Song

Song CXXXIX. *I wish my love were in a mire.*

O Lovely maid! how dear's thy pow'r!
 At once I love, at once adore:
 With wonder are my thoughts possess'd,
 While softest love inspires my breast.
 This tender look, these eyes of mine,
 Confess their am'rous master thine;
 These eyes with Strephon's passion play,
 First make me love, and then betray.

Yes, charming victor, I am thine,
 Poor as it is, this heart of mine
 Was never in another's power,
 Was never pierc'd by love before.
 In thee I've treasur'd up my joy,
 Thou can'st give bliss, or bliss destroy:
 And thus I've bound myself to love,
 While bliss or misery can move.

Oh! should I ne'er possess thy charms,
 Ne'er meet my comfort in thy arms;
 Were hopes of dear enjoyment gone,
 Still would I love, love thee alone.
 But like some discontented shade,
 That wanders where its body's laid,
 Mournful I'd roam with hollow glare,
 For ever exil'd from the fair.

Song CXL. *Ye maidens, ye wives.*

ON the banks of a river, close under the shade,
 Young Cleon and Sylvia one evening were laid;
 The youth pleaded strongly for proof of his love,
 But honour had won her his flame to reprove.

She cry'd, where's the lustre when clouds shade the sun?
 Or what is rich nectar, the taste being gone?
 'Mongst flowers on the stalk sweetest odours do dwell,
 But if gather'd, the rose itself loses the smell.

Thou dearest of nymphs, the brisk shepherd reply'd,
 If e'er thou wilt argue, begin on love's side.
 In matters of state let grave reason be shown,
 But love is a pow'r will be ruled by none.
 Nor should a coy beauty be counted so rare,
 For scandal can blast both the chaste and the fair:
 Most fierce are the joys love's alembick do fill,
 And the roses are sweetest when put to the still.

Song CXLI. *Black Joke.*

INspir'd by int'rest, passions, or whims,
 What one calls meat, t'other poison esteems.
 How fancies, like faces, various prove!
 If sons of Bacchus so oft disagree
 In choice of liquors, then why may not we
 Have divers and sundry objects of love?
 A free-born Briton, each man may delight,
 As pleases him most, in jokes black or white;
 But, like a dull jest,
 To me are the rest,
 In country and town,
 Compar'd with the brown,
 The nut-brown, that might captive a Jove.
 If virtue the middlemost station claims,
 And danger lies most in distant extreams,
 How safe, how charming then is my choice!
 The nut-brown joke, nor a Saturn, nor Sol,
 Invites my senses, and raptures my soul;
 The temp'rate zone! a Canaan of joys!
 To all other jokes for ever adieu;
 The brown that conquers can keep me true.

How

How sweet is the yoke
To a nut-brown joke!
To bounds such as this,
Confinement's a bliss;
While all other earthly manna cloy.

Nor splendour of courts, nor warlike alarms,
Affect me in my Florella's arms,
Or make impressions on my mind.
I'll laugh at ev'ry rival fair,
At fortune, at fame, and anxious care,
While my Florella's true and kind.
No magick has so mighty a force,
Both person and heart, for better and worse,
In a circle to lock,
As her nut-brown joke,
Where ages are lost,
And pleasures engroft,
Where soul and sense their paradise find.

Song CXLII. Listen all, I pray, &c.

Listen all, I pray, to the words I have to say,
In memory sure insert 'em;
Rich wines do us raise to the honour of bays;
Quem non fecere disertum?

Of all the brisk juice which the gods do produce,
Claret shall be preferr'd before 'em;
'Tis claret shall straight us mortals create
Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, virorum.

We abandon all ale, and beer that is stale,
Rosa-solis, and damnable hum;
But sparkling red shall hold up its head
'Bove Omne quod exit in um.

This is the wine, that in former time
 Each wise one of the Magi
 Was wont to carouse in a chaplet of boughs,
 Recubans sub tegmine fagi.

Let the hop be their bane, let a rope be their shame,
 Let the gout and cholick pine 'em,
 That offer to shrink in taking their drink,
 Seu Græcum, five Latinum.

Let the glafs fly about, till the bottle is out,
 Let each one do as he's done to;
 'Vaunt those that hug th' abominable jug,
 'Mong us Heteroclita sunt.

There's no such disease, as he that doth please
 His palate with beer for to shame us;
 'Tis claret that brings to fancy its wings,
 And says, Musæ, majora canamus.

He's either a mute, or does poorly dispute,
 That drinketh not wine as we men do;
 The more wine a man drinks, like a subtle Sphinx,
 Tantum valet iste loquendo.

How it cheers the brains, how it warms the veins,
 How 'gainst all crosses it arms us!
 How it makes him that's poor courag'ously roar,
 Et mutatas dicere formas!

Give me the boy, my delight and my joy,
 To my tantum that drinks his tale;
 By wine he that waxes, in our Syntaxis,
 Est verbum personale.

Art thou weak or lame, or thy wits to blame?
 Call for wine, and thou shalt have it;
 'Twill make thee to rise, and be very wise,
 Cui vim natura negavit.

We have frolick rounds, we have merry go-downs,
 Yet nothing is done at random :
 For when we're to pay, we club and away,
 Id est commune notandum.

No vintners deny the lads that are dry,
 But give 'em wine, whate'er it cost 'em ;
 If they do not pay till another day,
 Manet alta mente repositum.

Who ne'er fails to drink all clear from the brink,
 With a smooth and even swallow,
 I'll offer at's shrine, and call it divine,
 Et erit mihi magnus Apollo.

He that drinks still, and ne'er has his fill,
 Has a passage like a conduit ;
 Brisk wine does inspire with rapture and fire,
 Sic æther æthera fundit.

When we merrily quaff, if any go off,
 And slyly offer to pass ye,
 Give their nose a twitch, and kick 'em o'th' breech,
 Nam componuntur ab asse.

I have told you plain, and will tell ye again,
 Be he furious as Orlando ;
 He is an ass that from hence doth pass,
 Nisi bibit ad ostia stando.

Song CXLIII. *There liv'd long ago, &c.*

NO more think me false, for the flame never dies,
 Which Sylvia has rais'd by such powerful eyes ;
 Ah ! view but thyself, thence measure my love,
 And think what a passion such beauty must move.
 Tho' first it was beauty which ravish'd my sight,
 Yet now I regard it as only the light,
 Which kindly betray'd the rich charms of thy mind,
 Where sense and good nature so strongly are join'd.

We

Then

Then think me not false, for the knot will e'er last,
Which my fancy has ty'd, and my reason made fast;
So fast, that tho' time thy eyes may disarm,
Yet no time shall my faith or my love ever harm.

The Passion I have can never grow less,
Not tho' thy fair self should that passion oppress;
For while I thy face or thy mind have in view,
Still, still I must love, and in loving be true.

Song CXLIV. *How blest are lovers, &c.*

HOW blest are lovers in disguise!
Like gods they see,

As I do thee,

Unseen by human eyes.

Expos'd to view,

I'm hid from you;

I'm alter'd, yet the same;

The dark conceals me,

Love reveals me,

Love, which lights me by its flame.

Were you not false, you me wou'd know;

For, tho' your eyes

Cou'd not devise,

Your heart had told you so:

Your heart would beat

With eager hear,

And me by sympathy wou'd find:

True love might see

One chang'd like me;

False love is only blind.



Song CXLV. *Ye commons and peers.*

FAIR Venus, they say,
On a rainy bleak day,
Thus sent her child Cupid a packing:
Get thee gone from my door,
Like a son of a whore,
And elsewhere stand bouncing and cracking.

To tell the plain truth,
Our little blind youth
Beat the hoof a long while up and down, Sir;
Till all dangers past,
By good fortune at last,
He stumbled into a great town, Sir.

Then strait to himself
Cries this tiny fly elf,
Since begging brings little relief, Sir,
A trade I'll commence
That shall bring in the pence,
And strait he set up for a thief, Sir.

At play-house and kirk,
Where he slyly did lurk,
He stole hearts both from young and old people:
Till at last, says my song,
He had like to have swung
On a gallows as high as a steeple.

Then with arrows and bow
He a soldier must go,
And strait he shot folks without warning;
He thought it no sin,
When his hand was once in,
To kill you his hundred a morning.

When

When he found that he made
 Little gain by his trade,
 What does our fly graceless blinker?
 But strait chang'd his note,
 As well as his coat,
 And he needs must pass for a tinker.

Have you any hearts to mend?
 Come, I'll be your friend,
 Or else I expect not a farthing:
 Tho' they're burnt to a coal,
 I'll soon make 'em whole;
 And, maids, is not this a fair bargain?

But, maids, have a care,
 Of this tinker beware,
 Shun the rogue, tho' he sets such a face on't,
 Where he stops up one hole,
 'Tis true, by my soul,
 He'll at least leave a score in the place on't.

Song CXLVI. Here are people and sports.

HERE are people and sports,
 Of all sizes and sorts,
 Coach'd damsel and squire,
 And mob in the mire,
 Tarpaulins, trugmallions,
 Lords, ladies, fows babies,
 And loobies in scores;
 Some hawling, some bawling,
 Some leering, some fleering,
 Some loving, some shoving,
 With legions of furbelow'd whores.

To the tavern some go,
 And some to the show,
 See poppets and moppets,
 Jack-puddens for cuddens,
 Rope-dancing, mares prancing,
 Boats flying, quacks lying,
 Pick-pockets, pick plackets,
 Beasts, butchers and beaus;
 Fops prattling, dice rattling,
 Rooks shamming, putts damning,
 Whores painted, masques tainted
 In tally-mens furbelow'd clothes.

The mob's joys wou'd you know?
 To yon musick-house go,
 See taylors and sailors,
 Whores, Molly and Dolly,
 Hear musick makes you sick;
 Some skipping, some tripping,
 Some smoking, some joking,
 Like spiggot and tap;
 Short measure, strange pleasure,
 Thus swilling and billing,
 Some yearly get fairly
 For fairings, pig, pork, and a clap.

Song CXLVII. *Let Burgundy flow, &c.*

L E T Burgundy flow,
 Let the glafs run o'er, let the glafs run o'er, boys,
 To cure all our woe,
 Let the glafs run o'er the brim;
 Though Anna is gone,
 Think of it no more, think of it no more, boys,
 Great George now comes on,
 Toast away your bumpers to him:

Tho' the feuds are so big
 'Twixt the Tory and Whig,
 That the mischiefs pursuing, prov'd almost our ruin;
 Like a prophet, I know,
 They will be no more so,
 We've a king will unite now both high-church and low.

And now your hand's in,
 Fill it up again, fill it up again there,
 To all those brave men,
 Who their hate to Lorrain bear strong;
 Who, frantick with pride,
 Boldly durst lately defend the Pretender,
 And if I'm not wide,
 Will be sure to pay for't e'er long.
 Nor a less glass let's have
 To the Catalans brave,
 Who held out with a glory not equall'd in story;
 For not Cæsar in Gaul,
 Nor the great Hannibal,
 E'er equall'd their chief, with a number so small.

Song CXLVIII. *Now the hungry lions, &c.*

NOW the hungry lions roar,
 And howling wolves behold the moon;
 Now the heavy ploughmen snore,
 After daily labour's done.
 Trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it safely round:
 Ever sacred, sacred be this ground.

Now the brands of fire do glow,
 Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud,
 Puts the wretch that lies in woe,
 In remembrance of a shroud.
 Trip it, &c.

Now

Now it is the time of night,
That the graves are gaping wide,
Ev'ry one lets forth his spright,
In the church-way paths to guide.

Trip it, &c.

And we fairies that do run,
By the triple Hecat's team,
From the prefence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream,

Trip it, &c.

Tho' we frolick, let no mouse,
Or beading bird, or beast of prey,
Disturb the quiet of this house,
But downy sleep bring on the day.

Trip it, &c.

Weaving spiders, come not here;
Spotted snakes, do no offence;
Beetles black, approach not here;
Worm and snail, be far from hence.

Trip it, &c.

By the dead and drowsy fire,
Ev'ry elf and fairy spright,
Hop, as little bird from brier,
Nimbly, nimbly, and as light.

Trip it, &c.

Now join all your warbling notes,
In chorus of sweet harmony,
Strain aloud your fairy throats,
Sing and dance it trippingly,

Trip it, &c.

Hand

Hand in hand, with fairy grace
 We will sing, and bless this place;
 May plenty, pastime, and sweet peace,
 Daily in this house increase.
 Trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it softly round;
 Ever sacred, sacred be this ground.

Song CXLIX. *Go, lovely rose, &c.*

GO, lovely Rose,
 Tell her that wastes her time and me,
 That now she knows,
 When I resemble her to thee,
 How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
 And shuns to have her graces spy'd,
 That had'st thou sprung
 In deserts, where no men abide,
 Thou must have uncommended dy'd.

Small is the worth
 Of beauty from the light retir'd:
 Bid her come forth,
 Suffer herself to be desir'd,
 And not blush to be admir'd.

Song CL. *Of all the girls that are so smart.*

OF Anna's charms let others tell,
 Or bright Eliza's beauty;
 My song shall be of Blouzabel,
 To sing of her's my duty.
 The fair, who arm'd with Cupid's darts,
 His flames and other matters,
 Is all around behung with hearts,
 As beggars are with tatters.

To lavish nature much she owes,
 And much to education ;
 The girls and boys, and belles and beaus,
 Are struck with admiration :
 For blended in her cheek there lies
 The carrot and the turnip ;
 And who beholds her blazing eyes,
 His very heart they burn up.
 Her dainty hands are red and blue
 Her teeth all black and yellow ;
 Her burling hair of saffron hue,
 Her lips like any tallow.
 Her voice so loud, and eke so shrill,
 Far off it is admir'd ;
 Her tongue — which never yet lay still,
 And yet was never tir'd.
 Ten thousand wonders rise to view,
 All o'er the lovely creature,
 The pearly sweat, like morning-dew,
 Gilds every shining feature.
 As Isaac of his Esau said,
 She like a forest favours :
 Thrice happy man, for whom the maid
 Reserves her hidden favours !
 O Blouzabel, for thee we pant,
 To thee our hopes aspire ;
 For thou hast all which lovers want,
 To quench their raging fire :
 Then kindly take us to thy arms,
 And in compassion save us
 From Anna's and Eliza's charms,
 Which cruelly enslave us.



Song CLI. Cease your funning.

PRithee, Billy,
 Ben't so silly,
 Thus to waste thy days in grief :
 You say, Betty
 Will not let ye ;
 But can sorrow give relief ?

Leave repining,
 Cease your whining :
 Pox on torment, grief, and woe :
 If she's tender,
 She'll surrender ;
 If she's tough, e'en let her go.

Song CLII. Here end my chains, &c.

HERE end my chains, and thralldom cease ;
 If not in joy, I'll live in peace.
 Since for the pleasures of an hour
 We must endure an age of pain,
 I'll be this abject thing no more ;
 Love, give me back my heart again.

Despair tormented first my breast,
 Now falshood, a more cruel guest :
 O, for the peace of human kind,
 Make women longer true, or sooner kind !
 With justice or with mercy reign,
 O love, or give me back my heart again.



Song CLIII. *fair, sweet, and young, &c.*

FAIR, sweet, and young, receive a prize
 Reserv'd for your victorious eyes;
 From crowds, whom at your feet you see,
 O pity, and distinguish me;
 As I from thousand beauties more
 Distinguish you, and only you adore.

Your fate for conquest was design'd,
 Your ev'ry motion charms my mind;
 Angels, when you your silence break,
 Forget their hymns to hear you speak;
 But when at once they hear and view,
 Are loath to mount, and long to stay with you.

No graces can your form improve,
 But all are lost, unless you love;
 While that sweet passion you disdain,
 Your veil and beauty are in vain.
 In pity then prevent my fate,
 For after dying all reprieve's too late.

Song CLIV. *Happy is a country life.*

HAppy is a country life,
 Blest with content, good health, and ease,
 Free from faction, noise and strife,
 We only plot ourselves to please;
 Peace of mind our days delight,
 And love our welcome dreams at night.

Hail green fields, and shady woods!
 Hail springs and streams, that still run pure!
 Nature's uncorrupted goods,
 Where virtue only dwells secure:
 Free from vice, and free from care,
 Age has no pain, nor youth a share.

Song CLV. Ye shepherds and nymphs.

I Try'd not to love, but I try'd all in vain,
 I harden'd with hate, but I melted again;
 But now I'll persist, and no longer pursue
 A love so uncertain, a lover so true.

Around all the world my fond eyes they shall range,
 Till they fix on a lover that never will change;
 My heart with his heart shall in soft sighs agree,
 Forgetting that ever it breath'd one for thee.

Song CLVI. When first to Cambridge we do come.

TO you fair ladies, now in town,
 We country-men do write;
 And do invite you to come down,
 To taste of our delight:
 The weather's fine, the fields are gay,
 And 'tis the pleasant month of May.
 Fa, la, la, la, fa, la.

The country's now in all its pride,
 New dress'd in lovely green;
 The earth with various colours dy'd,
 Displays a lovely scene:
 A thousand pretty flow'rs appear,
 To deck your bosom and your hair,
 Fa, la, &c.

The cuckow's pick'd up all the dirt;
 The trees are all in bloom;
 If rural musick can divert,
 Each bush affords a tune:
 The turtle's heard in every grove,
 And milk-maids sing their songs of love.
 Fa, la, &c.

Could

Could we persuade you to come down,
Our joys would be compleat;
Dear ladies, leave the noisy town,
And to our shades retreat:
Would you but in our shades appear,
You'd make our fields Elysium here.
Fa, la, &c.

We'll shew you all our cowslip-meads,
And pleasant woods and springs;
And lead you to the tuneful shades,
Where Philomela sings
Sweet Philomel, whose warbling throat,
Excels your Senefino's note,
Fa, la, &c.

For you we deck and trim our bowers,
And make our gardens fine;
For you preserve our choicest flowers,
That now are in their prime:
The murmuring brooks accuse your stay,
And Zephyrs sigh for your delay,
Fa, la, &c.

Come then, and take our morning air,
Just rose from flow'ry beds;
'Tis better than your snuff, by far,
And all perfumes exceeds:
Our evening walks more pleasures bring,
'Than the gay Park, and crowded Ring.
Fa, la, &c.

For your own sakes, if not for ours,
The dusty town forego;
Fresh air will give your eyes new pow'rs,
And make each beauty glow:
'Twill to the lilly add the rose,
And every brighter charm disclose.
Fa, la, &c.

Song CLVII. *For many unsuccessful years.*

FOR many unsuccessful years
 At Cynthia's feet I lay,
 Bathing them often with my tears;
 I sigh'd, but durst not pray.
 No prostrate wretch, before the shrine
 Of some lov'd saint above,
 E'er thought his goddess more divine,
 Or paid more awful love.

Still the disdainful nymph look'd down
 With coy insulting pride,
 Receiv'd my passion with a frown,
 Or turn'd her head aside.
 Then Cupid whisper'd in my ear,
 Use more prevailing charms,
 You modest, whining fool, draw near,
 And clasp her in your arms:

With eager kisses tempt the maid,
 From Cynthia's feet depart;
 The lips he briskly must invade,
 That wou'd possess the heart.
 With that, I shook off all the slave,
 My better fortunes try'd,
 When Cynthia in a moment gave
 What she for years deny'd.

Song CLVIII. *Farewell, my mistress, &c.*

Farewel, my mistress, I'll be gone,
 I have friends to wait upon;
 Think you I'll myself confine
 To your humours, lady mine?
 No: your low'ring looks do say,
 'Twill be a rainy drinking day;
 To the tavern let's away,

There

There have I a mistress got,
 Cloyster'd in a pottle-pot:
 Plump and bouncing, soft and fair,
 Buxsome sweet, and debonair,
 And they call her, Sack, my dear.

Sack with no scornful dread will blast me,
 Tho' upon the bed she cast me,
 Yet ne'er blush herself to red,
 Nor fear the loss of maiden-head:
 And tho' mute and still she be,
 Quicker wits she brings to me,
 Than e'er I cou'd find in thee.

Yet if thou wilt take the pain
 To be kind yet once again,
 And with thy smiles but call me back,
 Thou shalt be the lady Sack.
 Oh then try, and you shall see
 What a loving soul I'll be,
 When I'm drunk with none but thee.

Song CLIX. *How happy am I, &c.*

HOW happy am I,
 The fair sex can defy,
 And can ev'ry day say my heart is my own!
 For I never saw yet
 That beauty or wit,
 But I lov'd, if I pleas'd, or could let it alone.

I thought that my flame
 Would still prove the same,
 For beautiful Celia, while Celia was true;
 But love was so blind,
 When Celia was kind,
 I chang'd her Mopsa, for Mopsa was new.

Song CLX. *To you, fair ladies.*

TO all ye ladies now at Bath,
 And eke, ye beaus, to you,
 With aching heart and wat'ry eyes,
 I bid my last adieu.

Farewel, ye nymphs, who water sip
 Hot reeking from the pumps,
 While musick lends her friendly aid
 To cheer you from the dumps.

Farewel, ye nymphs, who prating stand,
 And criticize the fair;
 Yourselfs the joke of men of sense,
 Who hate a coxcomb's air.

Farewel to Deard's, and all her toys,
 Which glitter in the shop,
 Deluding traps to girls and boys,
 The warehouse of the fop.

Lindsay's and Hays's, both farewel,
 Where, in the spacious hall,
 With bounding steps and sprightly air,
 I've led up many a ball.

Where Somerville, of courteous mien,
 Was partner in the dance,
 With swimming Haws, and Brownlow blithe,
 And Britton, pink of France.

Poor Nash, farewel, may Fortune's smile
 Thy drooping soul revive;
 My heart is full, I can no more——
 John, bid the coachman drive.

Song CLXI. *Oh! lead me to some peaceful, &c.*

OH! lead me to some peaceful room,
Where none but honest fellows come;
Where wives loud clappers never sound,
But an eternal laugh goes round.

There let me drown in wine my pain,
And never think of home again.
What comfort can a husband have,
To rule the house where he's a slave?

Song CLXII. *Here's to thee, my boy, &c.*

Here's to thee, my boy,
My darling, my joy,
For a toper I love as my life,
I love as my life;

Who ne'er baulks his glass,
Nor cries like an ass,
To go home to his mistress or wife,
To go home to his mistress or wife.

But heartily quaffs,
Sings catches, and laughs,
All the night he looks jovial and gay.
Looks jovial and gay;

When morning appears,
Then homeward he steers,
To snore out the rest of the day,
To snore out the rest of the day.

He feels not the cares,
The griefs, or the fears
That the sober too often attend,
Too often attend;

Nor knows he a loss,
Disturbance, or cross,
Save the want of his bottle and friend,
Save the want of his bottle and friend.

Song CLXIII. *Chevy chase.*

TO lordlings proud I tune my song
 Who fealt in bow'r or hall ;
 Though dukes they be, yet dukes shall see
 That pride will have a fall.

Now that this same it is right sooth,
 Full plain it does appear,
 From what befel John duke of Guise,
 And Nick of Lancastere.

When Richard Cœur de Lion reign'd,
 (Which means a lion's heart)
 Like him his barons rag'd and roar'd,
 Each play'd a lion's part.

A word and blow was then enough,
 Such honour did them prick ;
 If you but turn'd your cheek, a cuff,
 And if your arse, a kick.

Look in their face, they tweak'd your nose,
 At ev'ry turn fell to't ;
 Come near, they trod upon your toes ;
 They fought from head to foot.

Of these, the duke of Lancastere
 Stood paramount in pride ;
 He kick'd, and cuff'd, and tweak'd, and trod
 His foes, and friends beside.

Firm on his front his beaver sat,
 So broad, it hid his chin ;
 For why ? he thought no man his mate,
 And fear'd to tan his skin.

With Spanish wool he dy'd his cheeks,
 With essence oil'd his hair ;
 No vixen civet-cat more sweeter,
 Nor more could scratch and tear.

Right tall he made himself to show,
Though made full short by God;
And when all other dukes did bow,
This duke did only nod.

Yet courteous, blithe, and debonnaire
To Guise's duke was he;
Never was such a loving pair,
Why did they disagree?

Oh! thus it was, he lov'd him dear,
And cast how to requite him;
And having no friend left but this,
He deem'd it meet to fight him.

Forthwith he drench'd his desp'rate quill,
And thus he did invite:
This eve at whist ourself will play,
Sir duke, be here to-night.

Ah no! ah no! the guileless Guise
Demurely did reply;
I cannot go, nor yet can stand,
So fore the gout have I.

The duke in wrath call'd for his steeds,
And fiercely drove them on:
Lord! lord! how rattled then thy stones,
O kingly Kenfington!

All in a trice on Guise he rush'd,
Thrust out his lady dear;
He tweak'd his nose, trod on his toes,
And smote him on the ear.

But mark! how 'midst of victory
Fate shew'd an old dog-trick;
Up leap'd duke John, and knock'd him down,
And so down fell duke Nick.

Alas! oh Nick! oh Nick, alas!
 Right did thy gossip call thee;
 As who shall say, alas! the day,
 When John of Guise shall maul thee!

For on thee did he clap his chair,
 And on that chair did sit;
 And look'd as if he meant therein
 To do what was not fit.

Up did'st thou look, oh woful duke!
 Thy mouth yet durst not ope,
 Certes, for fear of finding there
 A t—d, instead of trope.

“ Lie there, thou caitiff vile, quoth Guise,
 “ No sheet is here to save thee;
 “ The casement it is shut likewise,
 “ Beneath my feet I have thee.

“ If thou hast aught to say, now speak.”
 Then Lancastere did cry,
 “ Know'st thou not me, nor yet thy self,
 “ Who thou, and who am I?

“ Know'st thou not me, who (God be prais'd)
 “ Have brawl'd and quarrell'd more
 “ Than all the line of Lancastere,
 “ That battled heretofore?

“ In senates fam'd for many a speech;
 “ And, what some awe must give you,
 “ Tho' laid thus low beneath thy breech,
 “ Still of the counsel privy:

“ Still of the dutchy chancellor,
 “ Durante life I have it;
 “ And turn (as now thou dost on me)
 “ Mine a--se on them that gave it.”

But now the servants they rush'd in,
And duke Nick up leap'd he ;
" I will not cope against such odds,
" But, Guise, I'll fight with thee."

" To-morrow with thee will I fight
" Under the greenwood tree."
" No, not to-morrow, but to night
" (Quoth Guise) I'll fight with thee.

And now the sun declining low,
Bestreak'd with blood the skies,
When with his sword at saddle-bow
Rode forth the valiant Guise.

Full gently praunc'd he on the lawn,
Oft roll'd his eyes around,
And from his stirrup stretch'd, to find
Who was not to be found.

Long brandish'd he the blade in air,
Long look'd the field all o'er ;
At length he spy'd the merry men brown,
And eke the coach and four.

From out the boot bold Nicholas
Did wave his wand so white,
As pointing out the gloomy glade,
Whereat he meant to fight.

All in that dreadful hour, so calm
Was Lancasters to see ;
As if he meant to take the air,
Or only take a fee.

And so he did ; for to New-Court
His trowling wheels they run ;
Not that he shun'd the doubtful strife,
But bus'ness must be done.

Back in the dark, by Brompton Park,
 He turn'd up thro' the Gore;
 So slunk to Camden-house so high,
 All in a coach and four.

Mean while duke Guise did fret and fume,
 A fight it was to see!
 Benumb'd beneath the ev'ning dew,
 Under the greenwood tree.

Then wet and weary, home he far'd,
 Sore mutt'ring all the way;
 The day I meet Nick, he shall rue
 The cudgel of that day.

Mean time, on ev'ry pissing-post
 Paste we this recreant's name;
 So that each pisser-by shall read,
 And piss against the same.

Now God preserve our gracious king,
 And grant, his nobles all
 May learn this lesson from duke Nick,
 That pride will have a fall.

Song CLXIV. *Should I die by the force, &c.*

SHould I die by the force of good wine,
 'Tis my will that a tun be my shrine:
 And for the age to come,
 Engrave this story on my tomb:
 "Here lies a body once so brave,
 "Who with drinking made his grave.
 Since thus to die will purchase fame,
 And raise an everlasting name;
 Drink, drink away;
 Drink, drink away,
 And there let's be nobly interr'd:
 Let misers and slaves
 Pop into their graves,
 And rot in a dirty church-yard.

Song CLXV. *Hark! the cock crows, &c.*

HARK! the cock crows, 'tis day all abroad,
 And looks like a jolly fair morning:
 Up, Roger and James,
 And drive out your teams,
 Up quickly to carry the corn in.
 Davy the drowsy
 And Baranby bowfy,
 At breakfast we'll flout and we'll jeer, boys;
 Sluggards shall chatter
 With small-beer and water,
 While you shall tope off the March-beer, boys.

Lasses that snore, for shame give it o'er,
 Mouth open, the flies will be blowing:
 To get us stout hum
 'Gainst Christmas does come,
 Away, where the barley is mowing.
 In your smock-sleeves too,
 To bind up the sheaves too,
 With nimble young Rowland and Harry;
 Then, when work's over,
 At night give each lover
 A hug and a buis in the dairy.

Two for the mow, and two for the plough,
 Is then the next labour comes after;
 I'm sure I hir'd four,
 But if you want more,
 I'll send you my wife and my daughter.
 Roger the lusty,
 Tell Rachel the trusty,
 The barn's a rare place to steal garters:
 'Twixt her and you then,
 Contrive up the mow then,
 And take it at night for your quarters.

Song CLXVI. *Daphnis stood pensive, &c.*

Daphnis stood pensive in the shade,
 With arms across, and head reclin'd;
 Pale looks accus'd the cruel maid,
 And sighs reliev'd his love-sick mind:
 His tuneful pipe all broken lay,
 Looks, sighs, and actions seem'd to say,
 My Chloe is unkind.

Why ring the woods with warbling throats?
 Ye larks, ye linnets, cease your strains;
 I faintly hear in your sweet notes
 My Chloe's voice, that wakes my pains:
 Yet why should you your song forbear?
 Your mates delight your song to hear;
 But Chloe mine disdains.

As thus he melancholy stood,
 Dejected as the lonely dove,
 Sweet sounds broke gently through the wood,
 I feel the sound, my heart-strings move.
 'Twas not the nightingale that sung,
 No, 'tis my Chloe's sweeter tongue;
 Hark, hark, what says my love?

How foolish is the nymph (she cries)
 Who trifles with her lover's pain!
 Nature still speaks in woman's eyes,
 Our artful lips were made to feign.
 O Daphnis, Daphnis! 'twas my pride,
 'Twas not my heart thy love deny'd;
 Come back, dear youth, again.

As t'other day my hand he seiz'd,
My blood with thrilling motion flew;
Sudden I put on looks displeas'd,
And hasty from his hold withdrew.
'Twas fear alone, thou simple swain;
Then hadst thou prest my hand again,
My heart had yielded too.

'Tis true, thy tuneful reed I blam'd,
That swell'd thy lip and rosy cheek;
Think not thy skill in song defam'd;
That lip should other pleasures seek:
Much, much thy musick I approve;
Yet break thy pipe, for more I love,
Much more, to hear thee speak.

My heart forebodes that I'm betray'd;
Daphnis, I fear, is ever gone;
Last night with Delia's dog he play'd,
Love, by such trifles, first comes on.
Now, now, dear shepherd, come away,
My tongue would now my heart obey:
Ah! Chloe, thou art won.

The youth step'd forth with hasty pace,
And found where wishing Chloe lay;
Shame sudden lighted in her face,
Confus'd, she knew not what to say.
At last, in broken words, she cry'd,
'To-morrow, you in vain had try'd;
For I am lost to-day.



Song CLXVII. *The collier has a daughter.*

THE collier has a daughter,
 And, oh ! she's wondrous bonny,
 A laird he was that sought her,
 Baith rich in land and money.
 The tutors watch'd the motion
 Of this young honest lover ;
 But love is like the ocean,
 Wha can its depth discover ?

He had the art to please ye,
 And was by a' respected ;
 His airs sat round him easy,
 Genteel, but unaffected.
 The collier's bonny lassie,
 Fair as the new-blown lilly,
 Ay sweet, and never saucy,
 Secur'd the heart of Willy.

He lov'd, beyond expression,
 The charms that were about her,
 And panted for possession,
 His life was dull without her.
 After mature resolving,
 Close to his breast he held her,
 In fastest flames dissolving,
 He tenderly thus tell'd her.

My bonny collier's daughter,
 Let nathing discompose ye,
 'Tis no your scanty tocher
 'Shall ever gar me lose ye :
 For I have gear in plenty,
 And love says, 'tis my duty
 To ware what heav'n has lent me,
 Upon your wit and beauty.

Song CLXVIII. *How much egregious, &c.*

HOW much, egregious Moore, are we
Deceiv'd by shews and forms!
Whate'er we think, whate'er we see,
All human kind are worms.

Man is a very worm by birth,
Vile reptile, weak, and vain;
A while he crawls upon the earth,
Then shrinks to earth again.

That woman is a worm we find,
E'er since our grandame's evil;
She first convers'd with her own kind,
That antient worm the devil.

The learn'd themselves we book-worms name;
The blockhead is a slow-worm;
The nymph whose tail is all on flame,
Is aptly term'd a glow-worm.

The fops are painted butter-flies,
That flutter for a day;
First from a worm they take their rise,
Then in a worm decay.

The flatterer an ear-wig grows;
Some worms suit all conditions;
Misers are muck-worms; silk-worms beaux;
And death-watches phyicians.

That statesmen have the worm, is seen,
By all their winding play;
Their conscience is a worm within,
That gnaws them night and day.

Ah! Moore, thy skill were well employ'd,
 And greater gain would rise,
 If thou could'st make the courtier void
 The worm that never dies..

O learned friend of Abchurch-lane,
 Who set'st our entrails free!
 Vain is thy art, thy powder vain,
 Since worms shall eat e'en thee!

Our fate thou only can'st adjourn
 Some few short years, no more!
 Ev'n Button's wits to worms shall turn,
 Who maggots were before.

Song CLXIX. Hap me with thy petticoat.

O Bell! thy looks have kill'd my heart,
 I pass the day in pain;
 When night returns, I feel the smart,
 And wish for thee in vain.
 I'm starving cold, while thou art warm;
 Have pity, and incline,
 And grant me for a hap that charm-
 ing petticoat of thine.

My ravish'd fancy in amaze,
 Still wanders o'er thy charms;
 Delusive dreams ten thousand ways
 Present thee to my arms:
 But waking, think what I endure,
 While cruel you decline
 Those pleasures, which can only cure
 This panting breast of mine.

I faint, I fail, and wildly rove,
 Because you still deny
 The just reward that's due to love,
 And let true passion die.

Oh!

Oh! turn, and let compassion seize
That lovely breast of thine;
Thy petticoat would give me ease,
If thou and it were mine.

Sure heaven has fitted for delight,
That beauteous form of thine;
And thou art too good its law to slight,
By hindering the design.
May all the powers of love agree,
At length to make thee mine;
Or loose my chains, and set me free
From ev'ry charm of thine.

Song CLXX. The bush a' boon Traquair.

THE crow or daw through all the year
No fowler seeks to ruin;
But birds of voice, or feather rare,
He's all day long pursuing.

Beware, fair maids, and 'scape the net
That other beauties fell in;
For sure at heart was never yet
So great a wretch as Hellen.

Song CLXXI. Pretty parrot say.

He. **P**retty parrot, say, when I was away,
And in dull absence pass'd the day,
What at home was doing?

Poll. With chat and play,
We are gay,
Night and day,
Good cheer and mirth renewing;
Singing, laughing all, like pretty, pretty Poll.

He. Was no fop so rude, boldly to intrude,
And, like a faucy lover, wou'd
Court and teaze my lady ?

Poll. A thing, you know,
Made for show,
Call'd a beau,
Near her was always ready,
Ever, ever at her call, like pretty, pretty Poll.

He. Tell me, with what air he approach'd the fair,
And how she could with patience bear
All he did and utter'd ?

Poll. He still address'd,
Still carefs'd,
Kiss'd, and pres'd ;
Sung, prattled, laugh'd, and flatter'd :
Well receiv'd in all, like pretty, pretty Poll.

He. Did he go away, at the close of day,
Or did he ever use to stay
In a corner dodging ?

Poll. The want of light,
When 'twas night,
Spoil'd my sight ;
But I believe his lodging
Was within her call, like pretty, pretty Poll.

Song CLXXII. *A lover near despairing, &c.*

A lover near despairing,
Bright charmer, must grow daring ;
His flame he cannot smother,
Nor can he love another :
He must alone adore you,
He must alone implore you.
He must alone adore you.



Song CLXXIII. *O fly from this place, &c.*

O fly from this place, dear Flora,
 Thy goaler has set thee free ;
 And before the next blush of Aurora,
 You'll find a kind guardian in me.
 Dearest creature, exchange for the better,
 Confinement can have no charms ;
 Think which of your prisons is sweeter,
 This, or a young lover's arms.

Song CLXXIV. *The Romp's Song.*

O H ! I'll have a husband, ah, marry,
 For why should I longer tarry,
 For why should I longer tarry
 Than other brisk girls have done ?
 For if I stay
 Till I grow grey,
 They'll call me old maid,
 And fusty old jade,
 So I'll no longer tarry,
 But I'll have a husband, ah, marry,
 If money will buy me one.

My mother she says I'm too coming,
 And still in my ears she is drumming,
 And still in my ears she is drumming,
 That I such vain thoughts should shun :
 My sisters they cry
 O fie ! and oh fie !
 But yet I can see,
 They're as coming as me ;
 So let me have husbands in plenty,
 I'd rather have twenty times twenty,
 Than die an old maid undone.

Song CLXXV. *Kindness hath resistless, &c.*

Kindness hath resistless charms,
 All besides can weakly move;
 Fiercest anger it disarms,
 And clips the wings of flying love.
 Beauty does the heart invade,
 Kindness only can persuade;
 It gilds the lover's servile chain,
 And makes the slave grow pleas'd and vain.

Song CLXXVI. *How silly's the heart, &c.*

HOW silly's the heart of a woman,
 When courted by many, to fly!
 But when she is follow'd by no man,
 For one she will languish and die;
 Beguiling,
 And smiling;
 Now coying,
 Then toying,
 She'll her fancy pursue;
 Designing,
 Or whining,
 She'll vex ye,
 Perplex ye.
 And all that pursue her undo.

Song CXLVII. *Gently touch the warbling, &c.*

Kindly, kindly thus, my treasure,
 Ever love me, ever charm;
 Let thy passion know no measure,
 Yet no jealous fear alarm.
 Why should we our bliss beguile,
 By dull doubting fall at odds?
 Meet my embraces with a smile;
 We'll be happy as the gods.

Song CLXXVIII. *Molly Mog.*

SOME sings Molly Mog of the Rose,
And call her the Ockingham Pelle:
Whilst others do verses compose
On peautiful Molly Lepelle.

Put of all the young firsins so fair,
Which Prittain's crete monarchy owns,
In peauty there's none to compare,
With hur charming dear Gwinifrid Shones.

Unenviet the splentit contition
Of princes, that sit upon trones;
The highest of all hur ampition,
Ifs the lose of fair Gwinifrid Shones.

Pold mortals the clobe will search ofer
For cold, and for tiamond stones;
Put hur can more treasures tiscofer
In peautiful Gwinifrid Shones.

From the piggest crete mountain in Prittain,
Hur wou'd fenture the breaking hur pones,
So that the soft lap hur might sit on
Of peautiful Gwinifrid Shones.

Not the nightingale's pitiful note
Can exprefs how poor Shenkin bemoans
Hifs fates, when in places remote
Hur is absent from Gwinifrid Shones.

Hur lose ifs than honey far sweeter,
And hur is no Shenkin ap drones;
Put wou'd lapour in prose and in metre,
To praise hur fear Gwinifrid Shones.

As the harp of St. Tavit surpasses
The pagpipes, poor tweetles and crones;
So Lepelle, Molly Mog, and all lasses,
Are excell'd by hur Gwinifrid Shones.

Song CLXXIX. Let us revel and roar, &c.

LET us revel and roar, let us revel and roar,
 The whole world is our store,
 And the gods they will add to our pleasure ;
 While we wallow all night,
 In an unknown delight,
 Till Aurora discovers our treasure.

Thus we're free from all care, thus we're free from all care,
 From taxes and war,
 And we know not the name of dull sorrow ;
 Ev'ry purse is our prey,
 Which we spend in one day,
 And we never take thought for the morrow.

Let us never repine, let us never repine,
 Brisk women and wine
 Make the brims of our lives to flow over ;
 We'll leave the how and the what
 To the politick sot,
 And the whine to the fool of a lover.

Song CLXXX. How wretched is the, &c.

HOW wretched is the slave to love,
 Who can no real pleasures prove,
 For still they're mix'd with pain !
 When not obtain'd, restless is the desire ;
 Enjoyment puts out all the fire,
 And shews the love was vain.

It wanders to another soon,
 Wanes and increases like the moon,
 And, like her, never rests ;
 Brings tides of pleasure now, and then of tears,
 Makes ebbs and floods of joys and cares,
 In lovers wav'ring breasts.

But,

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But, spite of love, I will be free,
And triumph in the liberty
I without him enjoy :
T' th' worst of prisons I'll my body bind,
Rather than change my free-born mind
For such a foolish toy.

Song CLXXXI. *Cherry-chace.*

HERE lies old Hare, worn out with care,
Who oft times toll'd the bell ;
Cou'd dig a grave, and set a stave,
And say Amen full well.

For sacred song, he'd Hopkin's tongue,
And Sternhold's eke also ;
With cough and hem he'd stand by them,
As far as lungs wou'd go.

Many a feast for worms he dress'd,
Himself then wanting bread ;
But, alas ! he's gone, with skin and bone,
To starve them now he's dead.

Here take his spade, follow his trade,
Now he is out of breath,
Cover the bones of one who owns
The instruments of death.

Song CLXXXII. *Lovely ruler of my, &c.*

LOvely ruler of my heart,
Queen of all and ev'ry part,
Object of my soul's desire,
For whose sake I cou'd expire :
Witness all you gods above,
That I only live and love,
That I love but you alone ;
Kindly then my passion crown.

Queen

Queen of my heart,
 And only idol of my soul,
 I bless the pow'r
 That does my ravish'd sense controul;
 So mild, so gentle is your reign,
 I gladly wear the pleasing chain;
 Such pride I take your slave to be,
 I wou'd not, if I cou'd, be free.

Song CLXXXIII. *Blest as th' immortal gods.*

Love's no irregular desire,
 No sudden start of raging pain,
 Which in a moment grows a fire,
 And in a moment cools again.

Nor found in the sad sonneteer,
 'That sings of darts, despair, and chains,
 And by whose dismal verse 'tis clear,
 He wants not heart alone, but brains.

Nor does it center in the beau,
 Who sighs by rule, in order dies,
 Whose all consists in outward show,
 And want of wit by dress supplies.

No: Love is something so divine,
 Description wou'd but make it less;
 'Tis what I feel, but can't define;
 'Tis what I know, but can't express.

Song CLXXXIV. *On, on my brethren.*

I Said to my heart, between sleeping and waking,
 Thou wild thing, that always art leaping or aching,
 What black, brown, or fair, in what clime or nation,
 By turns, has not taught thee a pit-a-pat-ation?

Thus

Thus accus'd, the wild thing gave this sober reply:
See the heart without motion, tho' Celia pass'd by!
Not the beauty she has, nor the wit that she borrows,
Gives the eye any joys, or the heart any sorrows.

When our Sappho appears, she whose wit's so refin'd,
I am forc'd to applaud, with the rest of mankind:
Whatever she says, is with spirit and fire;
Ev'ry word I attend, but I only admire.

Prudentia as vainly would put in her claim,
Ever gazing on heaven, tho' man is her aim:
'Tis love, not devotion, that turns up her eyes,
Those stars of this world are too good for the skies.

But Chloe, so lively, so easy, so fair,
Her wit so genteel, without art, without care,
When she comes in my way, the motion, the pain,
The leapings, the achings, return all again.

O wonderful creature! a woman of reason!
Never grave out of pride, never gay out of season:
When so easy to guess who this angel should be,
Wou'd you think Mrs. H——d ne'er dreamt it was she?

Song CLXXXV. *Hark, away, 'tis she, &c.*

Jolly souls, that are generous and free,
And true vot'ries to Bacchus will be,
'To great Bacchus' shrine let's repair,
And a bottle or two offer there.

C H O R U S.

Exempt from excise, our joys higher rise,
Still drinking, ne'er thinking of what is to pay;
Our bottle at night gives us joy and delight,
And drowns all the drowsy fatigues of the day.

Let the griping old usurer pine,
Let the lover call Phillis divine,
Let each man what he fancies commend,
My delight's in my bottle and friend.

Exempt from, &c.

O what joy from the bottle there springs,
 It can make us greater than kings.
 If our spirits by grief are oppress'd,
 Wine alone can procure us some rest.
 Except from, &c,

Great influence has wine over love,
 And the coy can make kinder to prove ;
 Tho' the nymph very flighting denies,
 It discovers the truth in her eyes,
 Except from, &c.

It can make us all heroes in brief,
 And the wretched forget all his grief ;
 It inspires the gallant and brave,
 And freedom can give to the slave.

C H O R U S.

Except from excise, our joys higher rise,
 Still drinking, ne'er thinking of what is to pay ;
 Our bottle at night, gives us joy and delight,
 And drowns all the drowsy fatigues of the day.

Song CLXXXVI. *Wine's a mistress, gay, &c.*

W I N E's a mistress gay and easy,
 Ever free to give delight ;
 Let what may perplex and tease ye,
 'Tis the bottle sets all right.
 Who would have a lasting treasure,
 To embrace a childish pleasure,
 Which as soon as tasted takes its flight ?
 Pierce the cask of generous claret,
 Rouze your hearts, e're 'tis too late ;
 Fill the goblet, never spare it,
 That's your armour 'gainst all fate.

The End of Vol. IV.

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